THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 313 — NUMBER 4057

APRIL 8, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE GENOA CONFERENCE

ACCORDING to the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, the full programme and purpose of the Genoa Conference may be summed up in six points: to soften the distinction between the Allies and their enemies and virtually abolish the Supreme Council; to substitute something resembling a European concert for the League of Nations, which has failed, through no fault of its own, 'because it was atrophied on its German-Russian side and stultified on its Franco-British-Italian side'; to consult with Germany, not as to 'her views on the indemnity, which would be as worthless as any debtor's views on his own debt,' but regarding the bigger problem of European trade and revival; to consult with Russia, first insisting that Russia recognize her debts before she is recognized politically, since 'the payment of debts is the foundation of business security' (something that Europe should bear in mind in connection with its obligations to the United States); to conclude a military pact that will guarantee France against unprovoked attack by Germany; to coöperate with the Little Entente, which has built up business and diplomatic relations with Poland, Austria, and Russia, 'the very pattern of what it is hoped Genoa will do for Europe as a whole.'

Karl Radek publishes a long article in *Die Rote Fahne*, the Communist daily of Berlin, upon Russia and the Genoa Conference. He is rather jubilant because Soviet Russia has been invited to send representatives, considering this — quite truly, for that matter — official recognition of the fact that Europe cannot recover without Russia. More important, in his opinion, is the second fact that the invitation implied an acknowledgment on the part of the 'bourgeois governments' of Western Europe that the Soviet Government is the only authority representing *de facto* the Russian people. He foresees that many difficult problems will present themselves as soon as diplomatic or quasi-diplomatic relations between Russia and the Entente are resumed. The most important of these, in his eyes, are domestic questions for Russia herself. Is it possible for private capital to be employed fruitfully in the territories of the Soviet Government while the present organization of labor and industry continues? He concludes: —

> Capitalism understands how to adapt itself to circumstances. It will be forced to accommodate itself to the conditions that prevail in Russia and will conform to them

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as soon as it is convinced that the political institutions of the country cannot be changed, and that nevertheless a profit can be gained working under them. On the other hand, the new economic policy and regulations adopted by Soviet Russia are not inflexible. Neither pure capitalism nor pure communism will prevail in Russia. There can be no pure capitalism so long as the Soviet Government exists. There can be no pure communism until the working classes have won a victory throughout the world, and so long as the communist system of production fails to be a distinct advantage for the agricultural classes.

France is clearly puzzled as to how she shall deal with the Bolsheviki at Genoa. A hasty resumption of political relations with Russia would presumably prejudice the collection of the enormous sum due to France and French investors from that country. These claims amount to about five billion dollars, or 43 per cent of Russia's debts abroad. At the same time the French hardly dare let a favorable opportunity pass for making some arrangement with the present rulers at Moscow. Otherwise Great Britain, Germany, and Italy are likely to secure an incontestable supremacy in Russia, which they will not be disposed to share with other nations later. *Temps* is still very suspicious of Bolshevist intrigue, and insists that all the Allies must deal with Russia simultaneously. Gustave Hervé, writing to *Victoire*, believes that this is the happy moment to turn the Bolsheviki out of power. However, *Victoire*, which is close to Bourtzeff and other Russian emigrants, has on previous occasions made similar predictions that have not come true. Another group of Russian emigrants, though of course hostile to the Bolsheviki, would welcome a resumption of relations between France and Russia. Former Premier Painlevé publicly advocates friendly relations with Russia, appealing to her long comradeship in arms with France as an argument in support of this proposal.

Germany is amusingly annoyed at the prospect of a rapprochement between France and Russia, which recalls unpleasantly to Berlin the former military alliance between the two countries. *Berliner Tageblatt* expresses frank alarm at the possibilities which the new course at Paris suggests.

The Paris correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* reports that he has received information from reliable sources to the effect that Poland proposes to bring Petlura before the Genoa Conference, to present the claim that the Bolsheviki have no jurisdiction over the Ukraine. This may compel a declaration upon this point from the Little Entente, and create a situation — especially if the French support the claim — that will logically lead to a renewal of hostilities with Russia. If such a scheme is being hatched, it is probably not by responsible French statesmen.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Outlook* gives the following entertaining account of the conditions under which the Premiers of France and Great Britain met at Boulogne to make a preliminary arrangement for the Conference at Genoa: —

The Boulogne Interview was the most curious of the long series since the Armistice. M. Poincaré has written much about the 'cinema method' of diplomacy, and took a fair share in the onslaught on M. Briand in January for his famous golf match at Cannes; and he determined to be a Savonarola to the Supreme Council. He swore that there would be no Jazz Band, no Palace Hotel, no golf, no cinema operators, when he met with Mr. Lloyd George. He was not very happy in his first essay at diplomatic Puritanism. He chose the somewhat artless method of announcing that he would meet Mr. Lloyd George in great secrecy at some place not mentioned, but between Boulogne

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and Calais. The sensation-mongers and the star-reporters pricked up their ears at the news. Fantastic as it may seem, the announcement was intended to discourage journalists.

In the meantime, preparations went on in the homely sous-préfecture at Boulogne. The Sous-Préfet let this fact leak out, and the next day, terrified at his indiscretion, made matters worse by flatly denying that any such preparations were under way. Dangling a piece of meat in and out of the reach of a healthy dog is not the best way to avoid attracting its attention. The dogs of the Paris press made ready. Instead of one bored cinema operator to take pictures of what could not be first-class copy, five or six made their machines ready and booked places on the Boulogne train. Serious diplomatic correspondents were passed over, and smart young men with sharp eyes — skilled trackers of men and adventurers — were hurriedly mobilized.

So the train on which M. Poincaré went to Boulogne was packed, not with the staid, bored crowd of the usual 'circus,' but with the star-reporters intent on a good story about a 'deserted villa' on a lonely road. When we arrived at the station there was a hurried exodus to numerous high-powered racing cars, standing ready outside, and M. Poincaré had to push his way through a mob. He did not seem pleased. I saw one car on top of which a cinema machine was mounted with a great company's most daring stuntman in charge. M. Poincaré's party got into their car, and there was a prodigious backfiring in the cars of the sleuths. They tracked him to the sous-préfecture, and ten minutes later pursued him when he went for a spin, and finally followed him back to the sous-préfecture.

The ex-President seemed to feel the ridiculous side of this keenly. But even worse was the way in which his great confrère from England was treated, owing to M. Poincaré's official insistence on a quiet meeting. Mr. Lloyd George landed ungreeted at Calais, and seemed surprised to hear that he had not been invited to lunch at Boulogne. He had to content himself with a cheerless meal in the station waiting-room. After the meeting at Boulogne, M. Poincaré dashed down the stairs into his car and to the station to catch his train, leaving his guest to make his way to the boat as best he might.

The French, who as a nation are still punctilious about hospitality, comment on this as an unheard-of rudeness. Even the *Intransigeant*, which does not like Mr. Lloyd George, reproaches M. Poincaré bitterly for his boorishness: 'If this is the restoration of the old diplomacy . . . ' A visiting Prime Minister expects to be lunched on these occasions, and to be lunched well. Nor does it make him any easier to deal with, when it comes to business, if he has been compelled to eat in — of all horrible places — a railway-station waiting-room!

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A PALESTINE CONSTITUTION

THE provisional draft of Palestine's new constitution provides for a legislative body of twenty-five members, ten of whom shall be officials and fifteen non-officials. Twelve of the latter shall be elected and three appointed. One of the nominated members must be a Mussulman, one a Christian, and one a Jew. English, Arabic, and Hebrew are to be the official languages. British public opinion is divided upon the Cabinet's Palestine policy. The Liberals and Coalitionists upon the whole stand behind the Balfour promise to establish a National Home for the Jews in Palestine. The argument in support of this has nowhere been better stated than in Balfour's Albert Hall speech, from which an Arab critic quotes in an article we print this week. Old-fashioned Conservatives and Arab sympathizers in Great Britain, of whom there are not a few, are encouraging opposition to this policy. The *Westminster Gazette* complains that the British military leaders in Asia favor the Arab at every opportunity, and do all in their power to nullify the efforts of the officials who are trying to carry out the Government's policy. According to this journal: —

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The Catholic Church, the English Church, the military, the *Morning Post*, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks are all together — for democracy and against the wretched race that crucified our Lord. At last they have got a deputation to this country to speak, write, and interview for the downtrodden Arab democracy. Their terms are simple and effective — cancel the Balfour Declaration and the Government's pledges to the Jews, or we will make trouble for you in Palestine, and join the Moslems of India, Egypt, and Asia Minor in 'abhorring' British rule.

Lord Northcliffe, with his press, favors the Arabs, and at a public meeting held in London to plead their case a message from him was read urging that all immigration and importation of arms into Palestine be stopped immediately.

Mr. Churchill, replying to an Arab delegation protesting against the proposed constitution, assured the Arabs that their interests would be adequately safeguarded. In substance his statement was: —

The non-Jewish population are entitled to claim from Great Britain not only assurances, but adequate safeguards, that the establishment of a National Home for the Jews shall not be conducted in such a manner as to prejudice their rights. Under the Mandate the Zionist organization is recognized as a public body for the purpose of advising and coöperating with the Palestine Administration in whatever may affect the establishment of a National Home. But the Government is ready to provide that no action shall be taken in Palestine, either on the advice of the Zionist organization or otherwise, except through the constitutional channels to be prescribed.

It is proposed that the local government shall control immigration — the British Government acting as arbiter in case irreconcilable differences of opinion arise regarding this, or any other matter, in Palestine itself.

A CRUMBLING IDOL

Professor Hans Delbrück, historian and former editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, and a not unsympathetic follower of Treitschke in the editorial chair of that journal, is about to publish a book in which he severely criticizes General Ludendorff. He prefaces this work with the motto: 'In order that true religion may prevail, the idols must first be destroyed.' In his scathing attack he says: —

Tirpitz caused the war by a naval policy which prevented naval agreements and by building Dreadnoughts, which increased Great Britain's suspicions. Two great men, Bismarck and Moltke, built the German Empire. Two others, Ludendorff and Tirpitz, destroyed it.

The savageness of Professor Delbrück's attack is suggested by his characterization of Ludendorff as 'ignorant, a liar, and a madman.' He describes him as a superficial theoretician, whose very lack of understanding tempted him to trespass upon fields of politics, economics, and social problems, of which he knew nothing. He lacked sportsmanship, as was indicated by his hurried resignation after the German collapse. 'Lloyd George had a clearer strategic insight then Ludendorff, who behaved like a military cadet gone mad.'

This distinguished historian thus appraises the German Kaiser: —

Far superior to his grandfather in instinct, intelligence, and horizon, he nevertheless lacked the strength which the latter derived from his very limitations. He did not venture to fight out the deepest conflicts, but deceived himself with illusions and mystical fantasies when decisions were necessary which caused him pain, or shirked them because their weight would have crushed him. Thus the German Empire and the great House of Hohenzollern collapsed, not because the last representative

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of this stock was too despotic or too absolutistic, but because, on the contrary, despite all accesses of despotism, *he was at bottom a weak character who had not the power to set his foot on the neck of the dragon of Public Opinion and put his mutinous general into the chains of discipline.*

This volume, which is to bear the title, *Ludendorff's Selbstportrait*, contains many citations of hitherto unpublished documents, bearing out the author's charges against Ludendorff of incompetency, ignorance, and presumption. In his opinion Ludendorff was 'an eminent soldier' but not a great general.

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A NEW PHASE OF AFRICAN RECRUITING

THE conscription of Black troops for the French army is criticized by French Colonials, who object that it is stripping the African territories of sadly needed labor and causing economic evils that more than counterbalance the military benefit France may receive from these forces. Maurice Delfosse has contributed two articles to *La Dépêche Coloniale* opposing the present policy. He argues that France should cease recruiting among the native populations of her colonies for service in Europe and elsewhere; colored troops should be employed only for the defense of their native country. He asserts that labor is constantly becoming scarcer in tropical territories under the French flag. Whole villages and tribes have vanished. This is a big question in which, of course, there are other factors besides the enlistments. However, drafting a quarter of a million men every year from the already depleted ranks of the natives accelerates depopulation. The argument that these soldiers return home after their period of service is over is not valid. Approximately one third of the Senegal troops remain in Europe or elsewhere after demobilization. Of the 250,000 recruited annually, 85,000 never come back. The percentage of physical defectives among the natives is in any case very large, much larger than among White populations in Europe. Consequently the draft upon the vigor of the native tribes, caused by taking away a fixed number of recruits annually from the smaller proportion of men of good physique, is more serious than it would be for an equal population in Europe.

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ERZBERGER'S ASSASSINS

STRANGE stories are current in Germany regarding the reception given in Budapest to Schulz and Tillessen, the young bravoes who assassinated Erzberger. They are reported to have arrived at Budapest last October and to have been entertained in the Sörhaz-Utcza, a sumptuous club patronized by members of the Hungarian 'Wide Awakes' and the *Move*, two intensely reactionary societies. Two months later the men were recognized by German agents. However, in spite of repeated efforts by the German Government, it has been impossible to secure the extradition of the murderers. Important documents in the case have mysteriously disappeared, spirited away by 'powerful hands.' The two men are abundantly supplied with money, having spent several hundred thousand crowns upon expensive clothing and furs. They frequent the most fashionable restaurants. The police deprived them of their firearms for a period, since it is technically illegal to carry such weapons in Hungary, but these were restored by the chief of police. One of the assassins has been in telegraphic communication with prominent men in Munich, where a meeting between representatives of the reactionary group in Bavaria and

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the Hungarian 'Wide Awakes' was recently broken up by the police. It should be noted that the efforts to extradite the assassins have been made by the Government of Baden, where the murder occurred, and not by the Government of Bavaria. However, so far these nominal fugitives from justice have not been seriously disturbed, although a reward, said to total nearly a million Hungarian crowns, has been set upon their heads.

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BRITISH BY-ELECTIONS

Two important by-elections in Great Britain resulted in remarkable victories for the Labor candidates that have required a deal of ingenious explanation to make them palatable to other parties. The *Spectator* says that the Clayton and Camberwell results 'were votes of censure of the Government and not votes of confidence in Labor.' The Geddes proposal to raise the school age from five years to six was regarded as an imposition upon the workingman's household. Unemployment also had a bearing on the result. In Clayton the Labor Party nearly doubled, and in Camberwell it more than doubled, its previous vote, in both cases defeating candidates who at the previous election received heavy majorities.

The *Nation* says: 'It is not disputed that the Liberal vote was piled on the Labor men.' The *Outlook*, which is inclined to survey political life in Great Britain with ironical aloofness, observes that 'explanations of electoral phenomena are never very convincing, simply because their main object is not the ascertainment of truth.' The suggestion that Liberal candidates would have fared better than Conservatives is scouted, as the distinction between these shades of opinion among supporters of the present Government 'is not so violently apparent as to affect the average urban voter.' Neither is the large Labor vote due to the country's fascination with the policy of Arthur Henderson. 'Labor has lost heavily in reputation during the last three years.'

The results of a by-election and a general election may be very different in the same districts. 'The citizen at a general election goes to the polling-booth with a considerable sense of responsibility. . . . A by-election affords a safe, easy, and generally effective way of cautioning a government.' In a word, the British press is inclined to agree that the results at the polls reflect anti-Lloyd-George rather than pro-Labor sentiment.

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MINOR NOTES

THE recent railway strike in Germany calls to our attention the remarkable leveling of incomes in the railway service of that country since the revolution. For a time the wages or salaries of common laborers, skilled mechanics, lower officials, subordinate general officials, and administrative officers of high rank, were in the ratio of 100 to 108, 113, 151, and 215 respectively. That is, the highest officers received only little more than twice as much as the lowest-paid unskilled laborer. Since special allowances were made for children, the latter often earned nearly as much as a division superintendent or general manager. This drove the more intelligent and able men out of the service, and led to a readjustment. This, however, was not the direct cause of the strike, which was fought out on other issues: the absolute wage-scale the length of the working day, and the right of government employees to organize and to stop work to enforce their demands.

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FRANCE AND GENOA

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

From *La Revue Bleue, February* 18
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BI-MONTHLY)

A GENOA Conference has become inevitable, both because we agreed at Cannes that it should be held, and because if we admit the dogma of Europe's economic solidarity, we must reconcile ourselves to discussing with other European nations remedies for her present ills.

The Allied Powers, sitting as judges and passing sentence upon a nation that had committed a great crime, imposed a penal treaty upon Germany at Versailles. England and America approved the sentence when they signed the treaty. But the Anglo-Saxon nations took alarm at the consequence of their act, and particularly at the prestige it gave France, the victim and the champion of universal justice. So America refused to ratify the treaty signed by her President, and England, after half-heartedly supporting it, completely reversed herself, and of late has given aid and comfort to Germany in her effort to escape its penalties. She thereby strengthens our ancient enemies in their stand that the treaty cannot be executed. Thus little by little we have reached a point where the delays and reductions claimed by Berlin have become almost inevitable.

Beyond question, Germany has courted her present financial embarrassment and therefore is not entitled to indulgence. Nevertheless we face an actual situation, and the Reparations Commission has been compelled to admit that Germany cannot pay the next installment upon the indemnity. So Wilson's original notion, which he surrendered with much misgivings, and which Lloyd George did not endorse until British financial magnates brought their influence to bear on him to make him see things in a different light late in 1920, — the notion of a peace of mutual compromise and reconcilation, — is gaining ground, and France, with her million and a half of dead and her ten ruined departments, bows under a heavier burden of victory than ever. This is the most conspicuous result of the long series of conferences into which we have been enticed, under the pretense of enforcing the Treaty of Versailles and adjusting it to economic facts.

Naturally, therefore, the French people contemplate another Conference at Genoa without enthusiasm. Poincaré's elevation to the premiership, in view of the circumstances under which it occurred, is notice to Europe and America that the period of concessions is ended. Can Poincaré recover our lost ground? At all events, he will not yield another step.

Therefore, when the plenipotentiaries meet at Genoa, they will confront each other with their minds invincibly made up on the question of Reparations. France has consented to attend, subject only to the condition that no modification of existing treaties shall be attempted. Germany has hoped, and doubtless still hopes, that she will secure further reductions and concessions under the guise of putting into effect the resolutions adopted at Cannes. But the stand taken by Poincaré and

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his temperament should dissipate this hope. Germany has placed the most subtle, the most conciliating, the most intelligent, the most European of her living statesmen, Walter Rathenau, at the head of her Foreign Office. But this will avail her nothing; she will not bend a particle the firm determination of our Premier. France will withdraw from the Conference rather than yield to one of those majorities so easy to drum up among nations that have suffered nothing from the war and want to forget it.

But Reparations seem to have retired to the background in the minds of those who hope to lead the Conference at Genoa. They are saying now: 'After all it is only an economic conference. If we are to restore the health of Europe we must reëstablish normal relations not only with Germany, but also with Russia.' Consequently they have invited to this great Congress of civilized nations a government that they have always considered, and still consider, without the pale of civilized mankind — a government that constantly denies in practice every principle of modern social and cultural comity. To be sure, gossip has it that Lenin is putting a good deal of water into his Communist wine, and that the inflexible principles of the Bolsheviki are becoming singularly pliable. We hear that private trade is now permitted in the territory of the Soviet Republic, and that Moscow at last recognizes the necessity of coming to terms with Occidental capital. But so far we have only indefinite and inadequate information regarding this alleged *volte-face*. Under penalty of treason to themselves, the Soviet rulers are forced to use the abominable *Cheka* and to look upon every bourgeois government as an enemy.

So far as we can unravel the private thought of Lenin, that apostle of ultra-orthodox Communism regards a bourgeois, no matter to what country he belongs, about as certain feudal barons in the eleventh century regarded a Jew: as a machine to amass wealth and to be plundered to one's taste as soon as it has performed its functions. Bourgeois institutions, both private and public, are outside the law in the eyes of the Soviet doctrinaires at Moscow and entitled to no rights.

We naturally ask, under these conditions, how we can have commercial relations of any sort with that unhappy country. The Soviet authorities have notified us that they will not tolerate, either at Genoa or elsewhere, interference with the internal affairs of Russia. Now the Russian Constitution does not recognize private property. It would seem obvious, consequently, that foreigners who engage in business there will have no guaranty of protection; unless, to be sure, it be under capitulations such as we have in certain Oriental countries: that is, unless the Soviet Government permits a foreigner protection under the laws of his native land instead of the laws of the country where he resides.

What courts of law exist, in any case, to whom strangers may appeal to enforce their rights? Are there to be mixed tribunals? Will the consuls of each country serve on them? Then the question remains whether, in a country where law and order are purely arbitrary, we might not be compelled to recur to threats, or even to force, to secure the execution of a court's decrees?

Consequently the coming Conference faces enormous difficulties. In addition, a thousand minor embarrassments will present themselves. It will not be pleasant to receive on an equal footing men whom all civilized nations have solemnly outlawed, and whose half-recognition will constitute a triumph for a cause they represent. Was it not an odd idea to select Genoa, which has

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always been a hotbed of revolutionary agitation in Italy, as the seat of a Conference to which we have invited the Bolsheviki, who publish frankly their intention of appealing to their partisans in Western Europe?

Therefore most of the nations who looked forward at first with some gratification to the proposal of a Conference at Genoa, are becoming worried. Not only Poland, but Yugoslavia, and even Czechoslovakia, are asking with uneasiness what the outcome will be. These new Governments fear, with sufficient reason, anything that threatens the integrity of the existing treaties. France will certainly find abundant backing among them.

When we study the Russian question we are as much balked as when we face the question of Reparations. It would appear that the Genoa Conference, no matter how promising it seemed at first, is not likely to reach positive results. Either it will resolve itself into a harmless academic debating club, or we shall have a confusion of tongues that will recall the Tower of Babel.

AS A GERMAN SEES GENOA

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From *Europäische Staats-und-Wirtschafts-Zeitung, February* 1
(Berlin Economic Bi-Monthly)

During the critical days of the Washington and Cannes Conferences, and the still more critical days that ensued, the growing tension between England and France was widely discussed in the public press. We have been hearing over again all about the Rhine Country, Poland, Tangier, Angora, Reparations, battleships, and sanctions. Light was thrown into every dark corner of the relations between these two strongest powers of Europe. Nevertheless, the searchers did not reach the bottom of that subject. This is partly because we still have too much secret diplomacy. Obscure dealings between nations were not postponed until Poincaré resumed office. One tiny ray of light was thrown into their dark recesses by Wickham Steed's January article in the *Times*, describing the miscalculations France made regarding the Washington Conference. But there are other reasons for our failure to sound the depths of Anglo-French diplomacy, especially our tendency to overlook the economic interests which underlie the political debates that reach the public ear. Economic factors escape immediate attention because they do not contemplate immediate results but distant eventualities. Yet these must be scrutinized closely before we can get at the root of things.

Most people consider it an axiom, that the French are animated solely by nationalist imperialism, and that they regard economic questions in general, and the economic recovery of Europe in particular, subordinate matters relatively unimportant for themselves. This attitude, however, does not explain adequately or correctly their indifference toward the Genoa Conference. They

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are really utterly indifferent to that meeting. Their apathy is not primarily official; even Poincaré has stated that France will participate, although he gave his consent with obvious reluctance. The Conference occupies a subordinate place in his programme, and he has consented to attend it merely to be able to break it up should anyone presume to raise the Reparations question. No better device could be conceived to minimize an issue that the British Premier emphasized, both at Cannes and in his first public speech after his return, as the corner stone of British policy and of world policy.

Poincaré's disinclination to discuss Reparations arises from obvious political motives. In the same way that he opposes the continuance of the Supreme Council and wishes to arrange things in the secrecy of his private office, so he opposes broadening the tribunal to which European questions are to be referred, or any consideration of the European crisis from the viewpoint of the general world interests. In his eyes there is no European distress, no European problem. For him — as his first political delivery in the Chamber of Deputies made clear, to the general irritation of other countries — there is but a single problem: protecting France from any change in the situation that might prevent her from drawing the maximum selfish profit from the Versailles Treaty and the London Declaration, and from removing an obstacle to her imposing new protections and making new annexations along the Rhine and in the Ruhr.

It is a naïve error to imagine that the French are such children, such incompetents in economic questions as some of our German chauvinists represent them. They display great energy in forwarding their business interests. The only question is whether their exaggerated national egoism may not defeat their purposes. In any case it is important for us to realize that economic motives lie behind the antagonism which France exhibits toward England's commercial policy, of first reconstructing Central and Eastern Europe and thereby restoring England's favorable trade balances. The debates at Genoa will make this perfectly clear; for it will be impossible merely to skirt round this question gingerly, like a cat around a bowl of hot soup.

Frenchmen are not interested in reconstruction. They anticipate no advantage from Germany's recovery, and they do not welcome Lloyd George's admonition that if France is to obtain indemnities Germany must be made capable of paying them. They do not want to be paid; else they would have accepted the forty-two billions recommended by Mr. Keynes instead of the one hundred and thirty-two billions assigned by London. What France really wants is a Germany unable to pay, against whom she can proceed by seizing pledges, guaranties, and other agencies of control.

Furthermore, no matter how much they may pretend to suffer, as things go at present the French are not faring badly. They are not interested in reviving England's industry and foreign commerce; they are not interested in raising the price of German coal to the world-market level. France has profited by the embarrassment of English manufacturers, and by the underpriced coal she has obtained from Germany, to rebuild her own manufacturing industries. She is working at this with redoubled energy since acquiring Lorraine and the Saar Valley. She is determined, now that she has ample supplies of ore and the prospect of ample supplies of coal, — hence her eagerness for the Ruhr, — to make herself the great iron and steel producing country of Europe. A few years ago her manu-

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factures were half those of England. She now proposes to surpass that country and to take second rank after the United States. In this connection she aspires to become a great exporter of manufactures. The paralysis of industries abroad has given her exports — backed as they are by the aid of the Government — unwonted opportunities to win new markets. Compared with the pre-war period, her foreign shipments have not declined, and her adverse trade balance is not nearly so great as that of England and her other competitors. Therefore the economic imperialists of France have felt very comfortable over the depression elsewhere, and especially in Great Britain. This determines the attitude of France. She disregards the danger of economic isolation which such a policy may bring about, in the belief that this can be endured quite as well as her present political isolation.

England comprehends these motives clearly. In fact, Wickham Steed discusses them frankly in the article we have mentioned. He fancies that public opinion in France does not share the fallacies of her present Government, and that a change of attitude is bound to come. He asks his people to be patient. But patient until the end of 1923, when another French election will occur? In that case, Lloyd George will not return victorious from Genoa to face the new electoral campaign in England that now seems inevitable. He will be forced to submit to a second affront like the one he lately received at Cannes. That will be still another reason why he cannot let France *sabotage* the Genoa Conference. The United States has given Europe clearly to understand that, unless Europe's governments can agree on some workable economic basis, the Americans will give them no further help. Consequently some understanding between Paris and London is essential, before American capital can be called on to assist in rebuilding Europe.

That capital is indispensable; consequently we can hardly expect Lloyd George to continue indefinitely the pussyfoot policy that he has hitherto pursued. So far he has contented himself with painting to the Poincaré Cabinet the 'blessings of a real peace,' and to impress upon its members that their Government must do its share to bring about such a peace. But he must be more specific. Possibly he will receive some aid from Washington, where the recent submarine episode has chilled sympathy for the French.

But the Americans possess the only instrument of compulsion. They have not yet collected a cent of interest upon the billions owed them by France. If they take a firm stand in the matter, M. Poincaré will have to reconcile himself to sitting down to a businesslike talk with Germany and the Bolsheviki. That will be unpleasant, for Soviet Russia shows no disposition to side with France in her economic policy against the rest of Europe. The Treaty of Versailles contains a famous Paragraph 116. Into that section were smuggled many things to which the Allied and Associated Powers paid little attention at the time. France hoped that this provision, which reserved for Russia the right to demand indemnities from Germany, would enable Paris to do business with some later Russian government to the disadvantage of Berlin. Germany would thus be saddled with another creditor for several billions. That would be a fine way to finish Germany completely and to defeat England's plan of reconstruction. But this fine scheme failed. Moscow, engaged with a tremendous reconstruction problem at home, is merely astounded that she should be considered so stupid as not to see the trap, and she has bluntly refused. The Russians are perfectly aware that they

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must have aid from Germany of a very different kind from that proposed in the Versailles Treaty, if they are to restore their own prosperity. So the English programme makes far greater appeal to the Kremlin than that proposed by France — which seeks merely the political and private profit of a single nation.

We need not be too pessimistic over the probable outcome of the Conference. At present writing England seems to be quite aware that a French move to ruin the Conference will be a declaration of economic war against herself. And nine tenths of English political policy is just now economic policy. French imperialism is to the English mind monumentally naïve; but France is surely shrewd enough not to commit the folly of uniting the economic interest of all the rest of the world against herself.

PALESTINE AND ZIONISM

BY JACQUES CALMY

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, February* 18
(French Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

Zionists are rejoicing just now over a political attainment that gratifies them, in spite of the difficulties which they know await them and for which they began to provide long before these actually appeared. It is an error to represent Zionism as a scheme devised to forward England's political designs in Western Asia. Zionism is first and foremost a Jewish conception. It owes its birth to the century-old longing of that scattered race for a home of its own. It springs from the profoundest depths of the Israelite soul.

Before the war, when Germany seemed to be encouraging Zionism and many influential Zionists were Germans, enemies of the movement pretended that it was a scheme to advance German interests. One might as well have said that it was inspired by the Turks, because Abdul Hamid at one time took considerable interest in it. The truth is, Zionism has always been at heart a Jewish aspiration.

This point once settled, we must recognize that the Power most actively and outspokenly friendly to Zionism is Great Britain. The reasons for this would make a long story. The British Government was the first to announce publicly that it would help rebuild a National Home for the Jews in Palestine. That was the keynote of Balfour's Declaration of November 2, 1917. The result of this was that Great Britain was given the Mandate over Palestine at the San Remo Conference. She appointed Sir Herbert Samuel her High Commissioner to put the Balfour Declaration into effect. The hopes of the Zionists to-day are founded on British control of Palestine.

Consequently Zionists are more interested in British policies than in the policies of any other government. Notwithstanding inevitable difficulties, such as opposition from certain groups in Great Britain, where the Arabs are immensely popular, and the Arab agita-

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tion in Palestine, where native is being excited against Jew by interested propagandists, the policy of the London Government has been straightforward and consistent. It could hardly be otherwise, since the only excuse which that Government has for remaining in Palestine is to create there a National Home for the Jews. Last November, Mr. Balfour reaffirmed his original declaration at Washington. Mr. Harding stated the following day that the American Government cordially supported the aspirations of the Zionists; and M. Briand declared officially that France sympathized with that movement and would lend her influence to its success. The French Government is awake to the importance of an orderly, prosperous Palestine in the immediate neighborhood of French Syria. Italy and Japan have likewise expressed their benevolent attitude. Therefore the attitude of the Great Powers toward Zionism is pretty well determined.

The relations between Arabs and Jews in Palestine have been a matter of preoccupation for Zionists. So far, no way has been discovered to render those relations friendly. Arabs and Jews have not been able to work together in the amicable and fruitful way that all Zionists and far-sighted Arabs desire. This is something that will take time. Although they are of common origin, branches of the same Semitic race, the Arabs and the Jews have in the course of time developed marked differences. The Arabs have clung to their native land and its traditions; the Jews have wandered to the remotest limits of the earth. Something more than reciprocal good-will is necessary to induce people of such different types to mingle socially and to work together politically. That will not come until they have dwelt together long enough to become acquainted and to understand each other. Hitherto the meetings and negotiations that have occurred between representatives of the Jews and the Arabs, although inspired on both sides by the utmost good-will, have not materially improved the situation. However, the return of the Jews to their home, and the enforced intimacy between the two races that results, together with the material prosperity and intellectual and moral progress that will surely follow, promise to bring about, in the course of time, this better understanding. This is why Zionists count upon hard work — that is, developing the country until it can support its immigrants — as the only solution of the difficulties arising from the contact of Jews and Arabs.

A two-fold economic task faces Zionism: to encourage the immigration of young, vigorous Zionist pioneers of both sexes — willing and able to stand hardships and to work hard — and to provide opportunities for these industrious pioneers to earn a living. Not an easy problem! The insecurity that has followed the war and the upboiling of nationalism in all Islamic countries, still prevails in Palestine. Its people are still distressed by the losses of the war. Land is expensive and a large capital is necessary to purchase and develop a farm. In spite of these unfavorable conditions, however, nearly twenty thousand immigrants have migrated to Palestine since the British took control and have found employment, either upon farms, or else upon public works designed to increase the amount of land that can be brought under cultivation and to render possible new industries. In fact, what has already been accomplished in developing the country's natural resources is quite as remarkable as the volume of immigration. Palestine may not be the land of milk and honey described in the Holy Writ, but neither is it the land of sterility and desolation portrayed in

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modern legend. It is a country rich in agricultural, industrial, and commercial possibilities. Its farms, vineyards, dairy pastures, mines, water powers, and the construction of the plant and equipment for these enterprises, promise eventually to support a large and well-to-do population. These are the objects to which the Palestine Reconstruction Fund of one hundred twenty-five million dollars, which it is proposed to raise among the Jews in other countries during the next five years, will be devoted. This money will be spent exclusively on the public account. Meanwhile many private enterprises have been started, and inquiries are being received from Jewish investors in all parts of the world, who desire to place their capital in promising undertakings in Palestine.

Nevertheless, the Zionists have not forgotten that even their constructive labors must be directed ultimately toward higher ideals than purely material progress. Their final purpose is to build up a society in which the Hebrew spirit will experience a great revival, while still remaining faithful to its ancient traditions. This idealism disturbs certain publicists, who are haunted by the spectre of a Jewish peril. They fear that Jerusalem may become the centre from which orders will be issued to international Judaism, and where intrigues will be hatched to control the world. It is perfectly true that the Zionists hope to set up in Palestine a capital of the Jewish race. But they wish it to be a spiritual and not a political capital. Zionists have no ambition to make Jerusalem the switchboard through which political orders shall be dispatched to the Jewish communities scattered all over the globe. That would be likely to produce the most discordant and chaotic riot of conflicting interests possible to imagine. The political opinions of a Jew in Paris have nothing whatever in common with the political opinions of a Jew in Berlin. But a Jewish National Home, founded in the ancestral habitat of the race, may recreate a Jewish spiritual life, accommodated to the civilization of the present age, that will profit all mankind.

A person may think what he will of these aspirations; but it is undeniable that Zionism is animated mainly by disinterested idealism and a humanitarian impulse. The first public act which Mr. Weizmann performed upon his arrival at Jerusalem, after the city was liberated by the Allies, was to lay the cornerstone of a Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus; and one of the first endowments which a Jew gave to this university was to found a research laboratory for fighting cancer.

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THE ARAB CASE IN PALESTINE

BY SHIBLY JAMAL
SECRETARY, PALESTINE ARAB DELEGATION

From the *National Review, March*
(LONDON TORY MONTHLY)

THE Balfour Declaration is the father of the post-war manifestations of Zionism. Without it the Jewish National Home in Palestine would have remained an ideal of the Jew. With it the whole Nationalist force inherent in Judaism has sprung to life and renewed energy. Take away the Balfour Declaration and its promise of help by the British Government, and the whole Jewish Nationalist agitation with Palestine as its objective becomes lifeless.

Such, at least, are the impressions one gets from reading Jewish literature on Zionism; the Balfour Declaration and its various ratifications and acceptances by various Powers and conferences are the only strong arguments put forward in support of the Jewish National Home claim. No doubt other claims are produced, as for example the historical, the economic, the religious. But these are only mentioned *en passant;* they happen to be useful, though their slenderness is fully recognized. The Balfour Declaration is the one dominant argument, and to it Zionists cling with marvelous tenacity.

Let us now examine this Declaration and find out its subterranean meaning. It runs as follows: —

His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

In the first place, I would point out that the Declaration consists of two pledges: the first to the Jews and the second to the Arabs.

In the second place, I can show that these two pledges, if faithfully carried out to their fullest meaning and limits, must interminably clash with one another, producing nothing but ruin in their wake. For, in fact, what has been promised is the establishment of a Jewish National Home on the top of what already exists, namely an Arab National Home, and the wise people who are responsible for these mutually contradictory ideas believe that both can be realized. The Arabs of Palestine cannot at all see how their civil (including, of course, political) and religious rights can be safeguarded when the British Government promises (as she does in Article 2 of the Draft Mandate for Palestine) to 'place the country under such political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home.'

The Jews themselves have seen the impossibility of such an achievement; and Dr. Eder, Chairman of the Zionist Commission in Jerusalem, gave expression to this when he declared before the Commission of Inquiry into the Jaffa riots of last May that 'there can only be one National Home in Palestine and that a Jewish one, and no equality

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in the partnership between Jews and Arabs, but a Jewish predominance as soon as the numbers of that race are sufficiently increased.'

The Arabs declare it impossible, the Jews declare it impossible, and yet the British Government holds that it can be done. No doubt it can be done, but not before one race has been subjected to the other; but the question is, 'Which race is to go under?'

It is rather significant that in all their arguments the Jews never mention the Covenant of the League of Nations, under which Great Britain holds her Mandate for Palestine, which in its turn gives effect to the Balfour Declaration.

Now Article 22 of this Covenant states that

> to those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the State which formerly governed them . . . there shall be applied the principle that the *well-being and development* [the italics are mine] of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization.

We should like to ask who are meant by 'such peoples.' The answer, of course, is those peoples who 'as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them,' or in the words of paragraph 4 of this same article,

> those communities which, formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire, have reached a stage of development when their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone.

The Arab contention, therefore, is that England undertook the Mandate for Palestine in order to secure Arab 'well-being and development,' and not in order to create a National Home for the Jewish people; that is, if words carry any meaning at all, and if undertakings are not to be treated as mere 'scraps of paper.'

It is rather amusing to note the unbounded arrogance of a certain extremist section of the Jewish press in this connection. In its issue of January thirteenth the *Jewish Chronicle* writes:—

> The San Remo Treaty not only adopted and confirmed Mr. Balfour's Declaration, but became the basis of the Mandate which, although at present unconfirmed formally by the League of Nations, forms the only basis of England's position in Palestine. It would, therefore, be futile for Great Britain to think of altering the terms under which she is acting as Mandatory, on the supposition that a mere declaration on her part (assuming she wished to make it) would entitle her to remain as she is in Palestine, but on the understanding of any new terms which she might set forth.

Now I must confess that this is an altogether new aspect of the case. According to this paper, England's *raison d'être* in Palestine is her acceptance of creating a Jewish National Home, and the negative conclusion naturally would be that, if she did not carry out the purpose for which she undertook this Mandate, her position in Palestine loses its 'only basis' and consequently becomes untenable. If we understand the Jews aright, Great Britain must meet with untold hardships, not from the Arabs who are true to her, but from the Jews who have already assumed the threatening attitude.

In this connection we would inquire whether British politicians realize what they are up against in the Balfour Declaration, and whether they fully gauge the force of the threat couched in the above quotation.

From a simple statement made more out of sympathy for poor persecuted Jews in Eastern Europe, the Balfour Declaration, in the hands of clever Zionists, is assuming proportions which

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promise trouble ahead. Already in the field of economics this is becoming quite apparent. The origin of more than 75 per cent of the cargo landed in Palestine during six months has been traced to either Germany or Austria through Hamburg and Trieste, and practically all the importers were Jews. German and Yiddish are the tongues spoken by the majority of the newcomers. Palestine is being overrun by Jewish commercial travelers representing Central European firms, and as a market for British goods the country is practically lost.

It is indeed a puzzle to me to think that the British Government should have made a pledge to German and Russian Jews — her two deadliest enemies — and thus have committed the whole British nation to a line of policy in Palestine which might, if persisted in, alienate from her some of her best friends and customers on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

In view of this development it is the duty of the British Government to put matters right at once in unequivocal terms.

Has Great Britain accepted the Mandate for Palestine simply in order to create a National Home for the Jewish people, or has she not? The Arabs are eager to know, the British nation ought to know, and the whole world should know.

Writing to the *Times* on December nineteenth last, Sir Graham Bower asks whether 'the Balfour Declaration was made in exchange for value received.' He contends that

> on the face of it, it cannot claim to rank as a contract. If it does, the public is entitled to know for what valuable consideration the honor and the interests of England were committed to the keeping and control of a cosmopolitan committee of Zionist Jews. Briefly put, the question is whether the Balfour Declaration is or is not a contract. If it is claimed that it is a contract, then, as all contracts are bilateral, the public is entitled to know the nature of the consideration received.

It may be well to mention here that the Arabs have 'delivered the goods,' and are, therefore, entitled to what they have been promised. 'The Arab forces,' declared Mr. Lloyd George in September 1919, 'have redeemed the pledges given to Great Britain, and we should redeem our pledges.'

Mr. Winston Churchill in July 1921 said: —

> In order to gain the support of the Arabs against the Turks we, in common with our Allies, made during the war another series of promises to the Arabs of the reconstitution of the Arab nation, and, as far as possible, of the restoration of Arab influence and authority in the conquered provinces.

It is all very well for the Jews to cry out that Palestine is excluded from this pact, since its people did not revolt en masse against the Turks. To start with, England's promise is based on the '*support*' of the Arabs against the Turks. Now, no one can deny that in the case of Palestine this 'support' was liberally given. When Palestine was invaded, the troops under Allenby discovered that they had entered a friendly country, that the inhabitants were actively sympathetic and ready to render every assistance. It would be difficult to measure the facilities to the British Army which this friendly attitude provided. It spared thousands of lives and saved millions of money. General Liman von Sanders, once Commander-in-Chief of the German-Turkish forces in the East, writing to Headquarters at Berlin, said: —

> I have come to Palestine and Syria, and found everything against us. The country has been poisoned and its inhabitants have turned their backs on us. We are living amongst enemies; consequently all our ef-

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forts are in vain. We are between two foes — the inhabitants of the country, and the enemy we are fighting.

I think this unasked-for testimony from a German General should convince every unbeliever of the useful rôle played by the Arabs of Palestine in the Great War.

But though the Arabs of Palestine did not openly revolt, their men joined the forces of Feisal and fought under his banner. As soon as Jerusalem and its suburbs fell, hundreds of Palestinians enlisted, were clothed and armed by the British Army, and sent to the front. Members of the Palestine Arab Delegation were instrumental in effecting these enlistments, a record of which may to this day be found in the military archives of the Palestine Administration.

The promises to which Mr. Churchill refers above are made to the Arabs in the 'conquered provinces,' and surely Palestine is one of these.

From whatever angle it is viewed, one is bound to admit — unless one is obstinate and simply will not admit — that the Arabs of Palestine have 'delivered the goods,' and are entitled to primary consideration.

Now let us for one moment look at the facts of Palestine, and judge from these whether the Balfour Declaration has done them justice.

The population of that country today is nearly 800,000, of whom some 60,000 are Jews, the rest being Moslem and Christian Arabs. The Jews thus compose one twelfth of the entire population. Those Jews who have come in since the Armistice are not really Palestinian subjects; but even if we were to reckon them as such (anticipating that the large majority of them will in future acquire the nationality of the country) the proportion of Jews to Arabs would not be materially affected. Now, with these figures before us, where is the sense and the justice of giving one tenth of the population priority over the remaining bulk? By what law of arithmetic or nature is this done, one would like to know. We are not left long in doubt as to the method adopted. Speaking at the Albert Hall last year, Mr. Balfour said: —

> The critics of this movement shelter themselves behind the phrase, — but it is more than a phrase, — behind the principle of self-determination [I am glad Mr. Balfour admits that self-determination is a principle] and say that if you apply that principle logically and honestly, it is to the majority of the existing population that the future destinies of Palestine should be committed. There is a technical ingenuity in that plea, and on technical grounds I neither can nor desire to provide the answer. But looking back upon the history of the world, upon the history more particularly of all the more civilized portions of the world, I say that the case of Jewry in all countries is absolutely exceptional, falls outside all the ordinary rules and maxims, cannot be contained in a formula or explained in a sentence. The deep underlying principle of self-determination really points to a Zionist policy, however little in its strict technical interpretation it may seem to favor it. I am convinced that none but pedants or people who are prejudiced by religious or racial bigotry would deny for one instant that the case of the Jews is absolutely exceptional and must be treated by exceptional methods.

Why, in the name of reason and common sense, should the question of Zionism 'fall outside all the ordinary rules and maxims'? Is it not that Christians are obsessed with religious bigotry for the Old Testament and the people whose national history it mainly is? Is it not because Christians all along the ages have been wrongly taught to regard Jewish history as equal in its spiritual teaching to that of the New Testament? I do not for one moment deny the spiritual mission of the Jewish prophets, and the heights to which they attained in their spiritual conceptions.

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I admit their lofty ideal, their Oriental beauty of language, and their unparalleled imagery of phraseology. The Psalms, the Proverbs, and the Book of Job have never been equalled by anything that mankind has ever written, but I cannot admit that the national aspirations of Jewish patriarchs and prophets bind us through all ages, and should shape the lives and fortunes of nations in the present day.

The mission of the Jew is a spiritual mission, and, if it is still to benefit humanity, should not attempt to go beyond that sphere. Judaism, like Christianity and Islam, is a religion open to all men, and should not be restricted to one race or people. Once it does this, it loses its effectiveness as a religion and consequently its hold on the spiritual mind of mankind.

In striving to be recognized as a nation, Jews lay themselves open to all sorts of difficulty and complications. They have been scattered so long, and have adopted such varying nationalities, that the task of coördinating them into one nation and one land is a superhuman work which can never be achieved.

Writing in the *Ha-Meliz*, a Hebrew paper, a Jewish critic says: —

> By no possible means can we succeed in arousing a strong national sentiment among our people, because ever since we became a nation the sentiment of nationality has been foreign to the spirit of our people, and the individual Jew seeks rather his own good and his private advantage; and it is vain for us to fight against the spirit and natural character of the people, for nothing avails against national character.

Neither on the platform of religion can this consummation be achieved by Zionists, and that is why in their inner circles they declare that their movement is wholly political and has nothing to do with religion.

But in order to get at the masses and acquire the necessary funds to attain their end, they have found it profitable and 'paying' to arouse the religious prejudices of their coreligionaries. More than this, they try to act on the religious sentiment of Christians, knowing full well that 90 per cent of the followers of Christ believe in the literal representation of the Old Testament and in the much-misinterpreted prophecies contained therein.

I have not yet heard a speaker on Zionism before a Christian audience who did not spend the first half of his time working up the religious side of his hearers, because he knows full well that once that side of their nature is captured, the rest is easy. But Christians should shake from them the shackles of Old Testament conceptions, at least those portions of it that are purely national and historical, and should hold only to those portions that deal with the spiritual growth of the world as reflected in the Jewish people. This, I believe, is the mission of the Old Testament, and the dispensation of which it is the expression.

The leading thought in the Old Testament is the fact of Christ, the Messiah. This personality the Jews have rejected, and by so doing have severed themselves from the Christian world. Until they believe in the fact of Christ, there is no religious communion between them and the followers of this Personality. And since they have not believed in the fact of Christ, which their own Book has foreshadowed, they have put a wrong interpretation on all the teaching for which that Book stands, and consequently all their other interpretations of that Book are wrong and misleading.

Zionists have all along claimed that their advent into Palestine would bring in its train untold blessings, not only to the Arabs of that country, but to the whole world. Well, if that be so, let them

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not force the issue on political grounds. Let them be satisfied with showing that what they claim is true. No one would be more ready and willing to recognize these blessings than the Arabs.

So far, however, nothing but unrest and trouble have resulted from their invasion. In their eagerness to overwhelm the Arabs with numbers they have sent thousands of undesirables to Palestine, hundreds of whom are soaked with communistic ideas, and the outcome has been disaster. They have shown no spirit of friendliness to the people among whom they desire to live. They have been clannish and selfish, and have consequently alienated the sympathies of the high as well as of the low. The immoral practices of some of these young men and women are a crying insult to the high sense of decency of the Moslem Arab. Prostitution has gone up by leaps and bounds; mixed bathing and free love as practised by these immigrants is an aspect of life much resented by the indigenous population.

Before the war the Jew, who had no political ambitions but was only too glad to be allowed to live in Palestine and earn his bread peacefully, was never molested by the Arab. Consequently he lived and prospered, established colonies and performed his share as a citizen of the Ottoman Empire. With the advent of the Balfour Declaration he has become arrogant and ambitious and no longer satisfied with pre-war conditions.

At first he asked for a 'National Home' to provide refuge for the persecuted of the Ghetto; from this he has jumped to political preference over the Arab, and ultimately he hopes to turn Palestine into a 'Jewish State.' He now has the temerity to say to England, 'You have undertaken the Mandate for Palestine simply and purely in order to provide a National Home for me and crush these Arabs who have no right to live there; if you cannot or will not do this, then you had better go, as your *raison d'être* has disappeared.' This is what the threat really comes to. The trouble is the Jew is ambitious and cannot be satisfied with little. If you give him an inch he will want a yard. But England has other interests to consider besides those of the Jew.

The Arab is in Palestine and forms the overwhelming majority. He was England's Ally in the Great War, and fought and suffered with her. She has pledged her word to him on various occasions, promising him self-government under her tutelage and ultimately complete independence. This she is bound to do if her word is not to be broken. He is her first charge, and she cannot afford to throw him over. What promise she made to the Jew must rank second. If the Jew can be accommodated without any harm to the Arab, so much the better; but the Arab asks for guarantees that nothing shall now be done which shall prejudice his future. If he gets these guarantees, all is well; but he can never recognize a policy that deprives him of these guarantees. And the chief guarantee he asks for is that his local national government shall control immigration; that he, knowing the country and its capacity for holding new inhabitants, shall say how many he can yearly admit; that he, knowing the temperament of his people, shall say what conditions a new immigrant shall fulfill before he is admitted; that he, knowing the mentality of his race, shall be able to keep out of his land those who hold 'red' ideas and bring with them nothing but mischief; in fine, that he should have the power to admit no one into Palestine who might be a drag and a bane.

This is what the Arab of Palestine asks, and who can say he is wrong or unfair? It is a calumny on the Arab

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to say that he does not want England in Palestine, as mischief-mongers often insinuate. The Arab recognizes the value of having a great nation like the British by his side to teach him self-government and to help him to stand on his feet. He is grateful to England for volunteering to do him this great service, and he loves the British for this. But Britain is one thing and Zionist political domination is quite another. All he asks of Britain is to stand by his side as she stood by the side of Hussein and Feisal, and to be true and just to him as she has been to Mesopotamia and the Hedjaz.

NEW JOURNALISM IN CHINA

BY H. K. TONG

From the *Review of the Far East, February* 11
(SHANGHAI ENGLISH-SPEAKING ANTI-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

POLITICS and the doings of those 'higher up' have become wearisome to the progressive Chinese journalist. To-day he is turning his attention to the social conditions of the masses. Descriptions of the poverty of the lower classes, the hardships imposed on young folks in respect to marriage, and kindred subjects, are common in newspapers edited by young Chinese with modern ideas. The tendency of Chinese journalism is toward publishing news of human interest.

Hitherto the Chinese newspaper has been a portrayer of scheming politicians and barbarian militarists, and a recorder of their intrigues and counter-intrigues. Consequently news of human interest and information about the common people were neglected. Most newspaper owners had an axe to grind. They hoped to break into politics or to obtain some sinecure or subsidy from those in power. They would gain nothing financially by printing news of human interest. Several papers tried to be independent and succeeded for a time. Then came tempters with shining silver and rolls of banknotes to corrupt them. These tempters never yet met with failure, at least in North China.

At last the reading public, after being fooled for nearly ten years, commenced to realize that it was not receiving fair treatment. This discovery was followed by a falling-off of subscribers to politically subsidized papers. So several progressive and independent dailies have recently been founded, whose avowed object is to supply truthful news, especially about the doings and sayings of the common people. The *Shen Pao* of Peking, the *Hsin She Hui Pao* of Tientsin, and the *Shang Pao* of Shanghai (the *Shanghai Journal of Commerce*) represent this tendency.

The *Shen Pao* is a pioneer in the new movement. It is the most popular morning paper in Peking. A cursory glance at its contents shows that little space is assigned to political news, while several pages are devoted to so-

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cial matters. Evidently its editors are students of human nature. The people are tired even of General Wu Pei-fu's campaign against Prime Minister Liang Shih-yi and General Chang Tso-ling's counter-plot, interesting as these might be if not recorded in tiresome detail. Accordingly they welcome from the *Shen Pao* news attractively written, portraying the condition of the unfortunate and the miserable.

Picking up any issue of the *Shen Pao* at random, a casual reader always finds some item of true human interest. Take the issue of January 25 as an illustration. The story first attracting the attention tells of the refusal of a young girl, well educated, to marry an aged but rich military man in Hunan, and her escape from home to pursue a higher education at the High Normal College for Women in Peking, her sole capital being ten dollars, with which she intends to continue her studies, since she has been disowned by her father. The name of the girl and other details are given. It is a real story. Another news story is about the young brother of the President of the Agricultural College near Peking, who was crushed to death by a mule cart when trying to drive it at a high speed to show his skill. The first person to reach the scene of the accident was his British sister-in-law.

The third story in this issue is an account of various amusement places during the New Year festival. Side by side with this is printed an account of Peking customs in the worship of the gods, the giving of gifts, and the ceremonies of the New Year calls. Other items relate to municipal reforms in Chungking, the strike of seamen in Hongkong, and of members of the Ministry of Justice in Peking. A year ago, such news would not have found its way into the newspapers. In the future any paper which does not give it cannot survive. Thus news of social and human interest is gradually displacing political news, which interests only those who are immersed in politics. The growth of this new type of newspapers and journalists indicates the mental progress of the Chinese people and the waning power of politicians and militarists.

The popularity of the *Journal of Commerce* in Shanghai is largely due to its supplying the kind of news people want, and to its taking an attitude in politics agreeing with the views of the people. The *Journal* is said to have a smaller circulation than some of the older papers in that city, but its influence is greater on account of its being in accord with public opinion. The same can be said of the *Hsin She Hui Pao* of Tientsin, which also tries to meet the popular demand for news and to represent the political views of its readers.

All three newspapers strive to serve the people. Therein lies their success and their popularity. It has never before happened in China that, through the medium of a mere newspaper, a father who is an ultra-conservative and a daughter who is an ultra-progressive have been reconciled. The *Hsin She Hui Pao,* under the editorship of Ma Ch'ien-li, a graduate of Nankai University who distinguished himself during the last boycott of Japanese goods, has brought about the reconciliation of the daughter and the father. While the arrangement for the resumption of their former relationship was under consideration, his paper kept the public daily informed of the progress of the negotiations.

This story ran in the *Hsin She Hui Pao* for several weeks and was considered a great journalistic feat. The journal's interested readers filled its columns with letters discussing the rights and wrongs of the case. The im-

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partial views of the readers doubtless influenced the father to reconsider his stand, and to give his daughter the education she sought. The story as unfolded in the columns of the *Hsin She Hui Pao* day after day can be briefly summarized as follows: —

Miss Chow Chin-tseng, daughter of Chow Chin, a well-known conservative scholar, received a good education at home, in both Chinese and English. She wanted to attend an institution of higher learning and to enjoy the same privileges as her brother. Her brother is now a student at the Peking Union University. Her parents flatly refused to let her have a higher education elsewhere. The girl was obliged to leave her father's home. On December 30 she published in the *Hsin She Hui Pao* a statement giving the reasons for her action. Let the girl tell her own story, in her own words: —

'In view of the national chaos and social disorder, it is necessary for a modern Chinese girl to have the best possible education, in order to face the problems of modern life properly equipped. My education has been rather limited, and my desire to pursue further studies is above the boiling point. Several times I have asked my father to grant my wish. Unfortunately my parents are so conservative that they decline to consider my request favorably. Under these circumstances I cannot but leave my dear ones, in order to realize my ambitious aim. From December 3, 1921, I sever all my connection with my family.'

The foregoing statement attracted much public attention. Many letters were sent to the paper by readers, in which their views on the case were frankly given. Mr. Chow Chin finally repented of his severity in dealing with his daughter and decided to reconsider his attitude. The following terms, providing for the return of his daughter to his home and granting her wish for higher education, were finally arranged through the mediation of Ma Ch'ien-li, editor of the *Hsin She Hui Pao:* —

(1) The parents promise to support her and her sister in school.

(2) In case it is necessary for them to go to a boarding-school, the parents offer no objection.

(3) The daughters are allowed to select their courses of study.

(4) The daughters are allowed to buy and read at discretion any decent books, magazines, and newspapers.

(5) The daughters shall have freedom to correspond with their girl friends. They shall, however, report their movements to their parents.

(6) If the girls desire to go abroad for education, their parents will pay their expenses.

(7) The parents shall not betroth the daughters before they reach the age of twenty-five. They shall be married only by mutual consent of parents and daughters.

(8) The girls are only required to report to the parents the place where they live during their absence from home.

(9) The above arrangements become effective on and from the day on which the guarantor (editor of the paper) has published them.

It is certain that in the future Chinese papers will not be as dry as they used to be. A new era of Chinese journalism is thus dawning. More people will read newspapers that print news of human interest, and a larger circulation will follow. With the exception of two or three students' papers, the oldest and best papers in China cannot boast of a circulation larger than 60,000, whereas in Japan the *Osaka Asahi* prints nearly 700,000 copies a day. Giving interesting news

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will increase circulation, as these papers will reach a class of people who are not interested in politics.

Even leaving aside the progressive papers which have struck a new path, the general standard of Chinese journalism has risen somewhat of late. The financial difficulties of the Bank of China and of the Bank of Communications last winter put it to a test. The seriousness of the crisis was commonly understood. Almost all the newspapers in Peking offered voluntarily to accept the notes of these two banks at par, at a time when the public refused to take them, and they conducted a vigorous campaign to stop the run. Chang Chiangau, Vice-Governor of the Bank of China, in an interview with the writer after the panic, stated that the support given by the Chinese press to the two banks marked the intellectual progress of the Chinese, and was a hopeful promise that the people would act in unison when they were confronted with other problems of national magnitude and of common interest.

WARRIORS AND BRIGANDS IN ALBANIA

BY GENERAL SALLE

From *La Revue Bleue, December 3 and 17*
(Nationalist Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

It is said that the founder of Koritsa was Ilias Bey Mirahor, a great retainer of the Sultan of Constantinople, son of a poor priest from the village of Penariti. According to old legends the Sultan Murad, father of Mahomet, the conqueror of Constantinople, was traveling through Albania when he met the boy, who was watching his father's flock near Penariti. At the same time he saw an immense eagle flying high in the air above the head of the child and covering him with the shadow of his great wings. In this incident the Sultan saw a sign of divine grace. He had the village priest, the boy's father, brought into his presence, and bade him send his son, when he was a few years older, to Adrianople, which was then the capital of the Ottoman Empire.

There Ilias Bey Mirahor was brought up among the sons of the principal chiefs of the Sublime Porte, under the eyes of the Sultan himself, one of whose chief retainers he later became; and at the taking of Constantinople he distinguished himself by splendid deeds of arms. In recognition of his services the new Sultan, in the course of a journey, bestowed upon him as a gift all the land around which he could ride on a mule in the space of twenty-four hours. Then Ilias mounted the swiftest beast he had and commenced his circuit, taking care not to forget the plain of Koritsa, whose mountains he knew well.

In the middle of the plain there was a wood of white-pear trees, and in the wood a few huts and cabins grouped in the centre of the trees. A kind of market was held there one day each week, to which the people of the country round came to sell their beans and other

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garden truck. Little by little houses replaced the huts, people came, and the hamlet became a village, then a town, finally a city. The cluster of houses took the name of Koritsa, or Korteha, derived from the word *goritsa*, which in the language of the country means 'white pear.' Such is the legend, according to the traditions of the land, of the city of Koritsa.

The Beys of Pojani, a village not far from Koritsa, on the shore of Lake Malik, — among them Mehemet Ali, who was Pasha or Viceroy of Egypt from 1806 to 1849, — have played too important a rôle, not merely in the history of Albania, but in the history of the whole Near East, not to merit special attention here. The people of Pojani, endowed to a supreme degree with the qualities of the Albanian race, were of highly developed intelligence, at least in comparison with the Turks, who then dominated Albania, and also braver and bolder than the Turks; while at the same time they were clever and politic enough to win the esteem and friendly interest of the Sultans of Constantinople by the services that they rendered. Several of them in return for their services had been ennobled and bore the title of Bey. The services which they had rendered consisted mainly in raising bands, at the head of which they took their stand, under the banner of the Crescent, when the Turks declared war on their neighbors. They received from the Sultan money, rations, and munitions, and in return they led into the field mercenaries raised and equipped by themselves, like the feudal lords of mediæval France. Especially in 1801, after the retreat of Bonaparte and the French troops, who had conquered and occupied Egypt at that time, they had to give battle, in the name of the Sultan, against the Mamelukes (an Arabic word meaning 'slave'), that terrible militia conquered by Bonaparte, but which after the departure of the French troops had seized the power in contempt for the rights of the Sultan.

The Beys of Pojani, among whom were Tahir Pasha and Hassan Pasha, raised troops and undertook an expedition against the Mamelukes, driving them into the provinces far distant from Cairo, and under the suzerainty of the Sultan took possession of power in Egypt. They substituted themselves for the Mamelukes, and in the end the Sultan gained nothing at all; for he was no more master in Egypt under the new régime than in the time of the Mamelukes.

It was at this time that the celebrated Mehemet Ali appeared on the scene in the Near East. Born in Pojani, Mehemet Ali was distinguished among the Beys for his courage, his valor, and his boldness, and also for his diplomatic skill and finesse. As a young man he had to take refuge, after a family quarrel, at Cavilla, on the coast of the Ægean Sea, and it was from there that he set out for Egypt at the head of a band of Albanians, in order to join his fellow countrymen, the Beys of Pojani, who then held the power.

A story of this journey is still told in Albania. While he was on the way to Smyrna his money ran low, but in spite of this he entered a small inn and sat down to dinner with his band. After dinner his companions withdrew on various pretexts, one after another, leaving him to pay the bill. Mehemet Ali called the innkeeper, and said to him: 'I have no money to give you, but here are a pair of pistols (they were family possessions, old and silver-mounted); keep them and give them back to me when I shall have paid for my dinner and that of my companions.' 'Keep your pistols, Agha' (Agha is a title of nobility lower than that of Bey), replied the innkeeper, 'for you have

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more need of them than I; and as for the money that you owe me, pay when Allah gives you some.' Very much touched by this generous treatment, Mehemet Ali took his pistols, thanked his host with all the forms of Albanian politeness, and continued his journey to Egypt. Some years after, when he had come into power, he met on the streets of Cairo his creditor, the old innkeeper of Smyrna, who had had such confidence in Mehemet's star. He recognized him, greeted him, and sent him away overwhelmed with riches and presents.

This is one of many stories that are told in Albania of Mehemet Ali. This hero, often recalled in the popular songs of these mountaineers, is one of the glories of Albania — on a level with Scanderbeg, the hero of the war for Albanian independence against the Turkish invaders in the fifteenth century; on a level, too, with Ali of Tebelen, Pasha of Janina, celebrated for his power and also for his cruelty, or with Markos Bozzaris and Coundouriotis, the two heroes of the war of Greek independence. And we may note in passing that Francesco Crispi, the Italian statesman, was also a descendant of an Albanian emigrant to Italy.

But let us confine ourselves to Mehemet Ali. This great Albanian, as soon as he reached Egypt, entered into political relations with the Beys of Pojani, who had been masters of Egypt since the retreat of the French and the fall of the Mamelukes. He became their colleague, shared his authority with them, and took part in the administration of the lands; but the wily Albanian wanted to be the only master, and this is how he managed it. By praising their courage and stirring up their vanity, as well as their thirst for conquest, he persuaded the Beys that the Island of Crete would be a rich prey for their courage and military skill. They set forth from Alexandria at the head of their troops; but scarcely had they started when, suspecting what might happen and having certain doubts of the results of the expedition, they tried to come back into the port with their fleet. Mehemet Ali informed them that the cannon which bristled all around the harbor were turned upon them and that if they persisted in their project to return he would sink their fleet without mercy. Seeing that they were not the stronger party, the Beys did not dare insist and sailed away toward Crete, leaving Mehemet Ali master of the situation. Their guileful colleague was not slow in getting possession of absolute power in Egypt under the suzerainty, nominal rather than actual, of the Sultan. In 1806 he was named Viceroy of Egypt, and remained so until his death in 1849. But he was not a truly absolute master until 1811, after the extermination of the Mamelukes, who, although banished to the distant provinces of Egypt, never stopped stirring up revolts, in order to have done with these turbulent soldiers. Mehemet Ali brought them close to himself under the pretext of restoring them to the favored position they had occupied in earlier times, and on the first of March, 1811, after having invited them all to a banquet, he had them massacred in cold blood, to the very last man. After this time nothing stood in the way of his ambitious projects, and his history is that of the wars of Egypt against the Sultans of Constantinople.

Mehemet Ali, after having declared himself master of all the lands of Egypt, organized an army of the European sort with the aid of French officers — among others, Colonel Selve, a soldier of the Napoleonic wars, who took the name of Soliman Pasha. He also created a navy in which numerous French and English officers took service.

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Thus, provided with a fleet and a powerful army, Mehemet Ali, on a flimsy pretext, invaded Syria in 1831, conquered it, routed the armies of Mahmoud, the Sultan of Constantinople, and if the Russians had not intervened would have taken possession of Constantinople.

The Peace of Kutaya in 1833 gave Syria to the Viceroy of Egypt and established the basis of a great Egyptian empire. But the Great Powers were interested in the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey, as the guardian of the Dardanelles. They united their forces with those of the Sultan by the Treaty of London (1840), and after a naval bombardment of Beirut and Saint-Jean-d'Acre, compelled the Egyptians to give up Syria. Reduced to his own forces alone, Mehemet Ali was compelled to submit. From all his conquests he kept nothing except Egypt, the viceroyalty of which was guaranteed him by the Sultan in 1841. He died in 1849, and his descendants still reign in Egypt under the more or less disguised Protectorate of England. Such was the marvelous history of this great Albanian, who, as the centuries roll on, will certainly take his place in legend, like Alexander, King of Macedonia and Epirus, who was also of Albanian origin.

Not far from Koritsa, at the foot of the mountains that separate Albania from Macedonia, lie the ruins of a fortress, at whose base are still grouped a few wretched houses, or, to be more exact, huts. This is the village of Plassa. There Siman, the bandit chief and Bey of Plassa, once set up his dominion, and from the time of the famous Ali of Tebelen, Pasha of Janina, — that is, in the first years of the nineteenth century, — he exercised power over all of what is now Koritsa. The fortress of Plassa stood upon the only road along which trade could be conducted between Koritsa and Macedonia. From this stronghold Siman fell upon travelers and held them for ransom. If they showed the least resistance their bodies were soon swinging from the wall of the fortress. So well was his power established, that no one could pass before Plassa without descending from his mount, as a sign of vassalage, and paying one tenth of what he possessed, either in silver or in presents. Poor people did not pay anything; but they had to render homage to the Bey by prostrating themselves before his dwelling. Do we not find in this story a reproduction of certain customs of our great feudal lords of the Middle Ages?

Chaine and his nephew, Caio, were not Beys, but ordinary brigands, who only thirty years ago terrorized the region of Opari, among the mountains between Berat and Koritsa. After having made game of the efforts of the Turkish authorities to suppress them, they set themselves up as veritable sovereigns in the country. All the caravans passing between Berat and Koritsa had to pay tribute. There was a tariff on each horse and each mule. In return for their tribute they were guaranteed protection against the other bandits who infested the region and with whom they were always fighting.

After Chaine died — violently, it is needless to say, for not many Albanians die a natural death and very few reach advanced age — his nephew, Caio, succeeded him in the family business of brigandage. The business prospered in spite of the rival bands and in spite of the Turkish authorities. The country was conscientiously regulated. Nevertheless, Caio lived under the shadow of the Turks, who might send a military expedition any day to demand an accounting for his numerous misdeeds. Desiring to seek an amnesty, he bethought him of this stratagem. One day the Russian Consul to Monastir, on his way to Koritsa, set out on a pilgrimage to the Monastery of Saint-

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Naoum, a place regarded as holy by the Orthodox Church, on the shores of Lake Okrida. Caio lay in ambush on the road with his whole band, and stopped the carriage. He approached the consul respectfully and besought him with a firm voice to intervene with the Sublime Porte, so that a full and complete amnesty should be granted to him. The Russian Consul — whether he was naturally good-natured or whether he was moved to indulgence by the sight of the yataghans and the rifles of the bandits who surrounded him — promised everything that they asked of him. The extraordinary thing was that he kept his word, and interceded with the Sultan successfully, and a short time afterwards it was announced that Caio had received an amnesty.

As a general thing the Albanian brigands, whether they are Christians or Mussulmans, do not take either churches, monasteries, or Tekkes (Turkish monasteries) for ransom. They respect them and frequently offer them a part of their booty. It is said that Salih Bukta, a chief of Mussulman *comitadjis*, while he was pillaging and burning the city of Moschopole, in 1916, — the seat of the Bishop in the region of Koritsa, — went to prostrate himself before the icon of the monastery of San Prodrome, some hundred metres from the city, assured the priest of his protection, and presented him with some gifts taken from the booty which he had just seized from the churches inside the city itself. We must not forget to say that the priest accepted and unscrupulously kept these offerings.

The Christian bandits, on the other hand, respected the Tekkes, or Mussulman monasteries of Melcau, not far from there, as well as the village of the same name, inhabited by the servants of the Tekkes, who cultivate the land like the serfs of the Middle Ages.

The bandits picked out the richest travelers among those they stopped, and carried them off to the mountains. Some days afterwards they sent a message to the traveler's family, demanding a ransom, — a sum of money varying from one quarter to one half of the fortune that the prisoner was known to have, — with the threat to kill him if the family did not comply within the specified time. After the period was up they sent an ear of the prisoner, with the threat to cut off the other ear and finally to chop off his head if a ransom was not sent on such and such a day. The family, knowing that the threat was not a bluff, usually complied.

Generally the brigands spent the night in the mountain caverns, and in the daytime were constantly on the move, changing their position in order to escape the troops sent to pursue them by the authorities of the country and other bands of brigands who were always fighting with them. They made their prisoners go with them, their eyes blindfolded, so that they could not find out the bandits' retreats and betray them in case of an escape. Except for that, however, moved by their own interest, they treated them without any cruelty and fed them with meat roasted on the spit, a great luxury in that country.

Another remarkable thing is that the bandits never carried off women, but manifested the greatest respect for them. If by some accident a woman did fall into their hands, she could be sure that her person would be held sacred. There used to be a belief profoundly rooted in the minds of the brigands that if one of their number failed in respect for women the whole band would be accursed and exterminated. This respect for womanhood, together with other customs of these highwaymen, recalls closely the robbers of the Middle Ages, grossly brutal thieves, but also, if we consider another side of

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their character, chivalrous and in general respectful to women.

Since 1912 — that is, since the outbreak of the Balkan War — and especially since 1915, the brigands have assembled in comitadjis, and their bands never cease to wage guerrilla war, usually under the technical name of patriots and defenders of Albanian independence. Most of these meddlesome Albanian nationalists, who demand the expulsion of all foreigners and who rebel against the surrender of the least particle of territory to the profit of the foreign powers, Italy, Greece, or Serbia, are simply former brigands, whose field of action has changed a little. They no longer truss up travelers, and no longer descend from the mountains to pillage the lowlands and the city. Since 1915 they have found it more profitable to enroll under the flag of the armies that have been operating in Albania. Some have joined the Italians, others the Bulgarians and the Austrians, but all have been well paid and well fed.

When you question them they pretend they are fighting for the holy cause of Albanian independence; but as a matter of fact they are nothing but mercenaries, selling their swords to the man who pays best. The Greeks and Serbs have not many Albanian comitadjis in their pay; first, because they have not much to give them, and secondly, because the Greeks and Serbs are especially despised in the greater part of the country.

If at the end of the war the Albanians revolted against any attempt at foreign domination, even disguised under the form of a Mandate of the League of Nations or a Protectorate, if their armed bands began, not without success, hostilities against their neighbors and in particular against the Italians, we must see in this springing to arms the outburst of that spirit of independence which has always been fundamental in the Albanian race. It is for the Great Powers, which constitute the Areopagus of peace, to find a formula, a *modus vivendi*, guaranteeing to the Albanians the free exercise of their rights as a nation. If they do not, it is to be feared that the agitation against Greek, Italian, and Serbian ambitions, manifested in many quarters, — and which a few months ago showed itself in the assassination of Essad Pasha, the former minister of the Prince of Wied, who fell under the shots of an Albanian nationalist, — may spread through the whole country and may revive again the era of discord, the brigandage, the comitadjis, which the presence of the Allied troops momentarily suppressed. There is here a question of justice as well as a question of force.

So long as the Supreme Council does not give Albania fair treatment and does not assign her natural frontiers to her, the land will be a prey to troubles, the repercussions of which will be felt throughout the whole Balkan Peninsula.

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VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

BY DMITRII UMANSKII

[The recent death of Vladimir Galaktionovich Korolenko, one of the greatest Russian story-tellers and descriptive writers of the nineteenth century, has served as the occasion for numerous reviews in continental publications, not only of his life, but also of the literary period in which he was conspicuous.]

From *Die Wage, February* 4, 11
(Vienna Pacifist Weekly)

A life rich in benevolence, love, and creative power and accomplishment has closed; a great man and a wise poet, one of the few whose death leaves us with a sense of enduring loneliness, has passed away. Vladimir Galaktionovich Korolenko was born on June 15, 1853 — but dates, companions, and his voluntary and involuntary places of residence signify little in the biography of a man like this. They are hardly more than superfluous ballast. We remember him for his tireless toil in behalf of the better things in life, for his long labor in the cause of the welfare and the happiness of his people and of all his fellow men, for his marvelous literary art, and for the immortal characters he has left us in his writings. We remember him also for his humdrum labors as a journalist, where his pen was ever ready to challenge injustice and violence. Up to the last, he attacked as passionately every evil and wrongdoing that came to his attention as though that evil and wrongdoing were the last remaining imperfection in an otherwise perfect world.

When we describe Korolenko as a man, we at the same time describe him as an artist; for his art was only a refinement and idealization of his living, and his daily life was but the blossoming of his art in action.

Any person who studies Korolenko's writings with a full knowledge of the social, economic, and intellectual atmosphere in which they were produced, readily understands his literary qualities. To universalize him, to set him apart from his age, is to misinterpret his work. Consequently it is all-important to keep clearly before us the spirit of Korolenko's time and to study him in the light of that time. Otherwise we shall not give him his proper position in the evolution of Russian art and thought.

When his first books appeared, in the seventies, Russia stood at the threshold of a new epoch. It was an epoch of great reforms, apparently inspired by a liberal spirit. The serfs had been emancipated. The spirit of nihilism seemed to be ebbing. Negation of art and æsthetics and one-sided interest in natural science had outlived their day. The mouthing heroes of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*, who, to some extent against the will of the author, symbolize the epoch of the seventies, were losing popularity. The theory that realism must in the end destroy æsthetics, and that the latter's canons were a pernicious influence in art, literature, and life, and particularly in the relations between men and women, had lost its hold on the public mind. When we review the course of the nation's thought during the fifties and sixties,

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discarding what is merely eccentric and abnormal, we discover that this had been a period of protest against the rapture of idealism to which the Russian nation had surrendered itself for the twenty years preceding. It was a period of protest against æsthetic pleasures, albeit they might satisfy the noblest needs of our culture and even be the logical reward of earnest, useful, social, and intellectual toil. This period was an inevitable reaction against the exaggerated idealism and naïve enthusiasm of the first half of the century. Deeds were now to be substituted for words.

The gulf that divided Russian intellectuals from the people — and at this time the people meant exclusively the peasants, who either as serfs or free laborers supported the intellectuals — absorbed national thought. The great problem of the educated classes was to bridge this gulf. Between 1850 and 1870 they were intensely occupied with this problem. It was a period of experiment, which later, in Korolenko's time, began to reach results. This gulf between the upper social classes and the people must be bridged, for the *barin*, or master, was separated from the muzhik, or peasant, by more than social and economic differences. The two were utterly variant types, that could not understand each other and were unable to find a meeting-place for common action. This gulf would continue to exist so long as the intellectuals did not become simpler and more natural and so long as the peasants possessed no education or higher interests.

Another and more insuperable barrier, perhaps, separated these two sections of the people, even after the liberation of the serfs. This was the moral wrong inherent in the century-old exploitation of the weaker class by the stronger.

About this time a new division appeared in Russian society, between the purely materialistic exploiting masters of the old type and what was to become for a time the most important class in the nation, the enlightened nobility. The latter began, as a distinguished publicist of the forties put it, to 'confess their sins.' They perceived the injustice of their privileges. They acknowledged the hereditary sins of their class and saw the necessity of doing penance for them. This sentiment expressed itself in the literature of the period — in all Turgenev's novels and in the writing of Alexander Herzen and Chernyshevskii. Such men stood horrified at the revelation of the age-old injustice upon which Russian society was founded, and repudiated their class and its privileges. They threw overboard all ancient forms and traditions. They revolted against the prejudices and conventions of their social group and sought to found a new group, that of the 'confessing nobility.' Isolated instances of this spirit manifested themselves in the forties. It did not become a powerful factor in the thought of the nation until thirty years later.

Thereupon something unprecedented in the history of the world occurred. A whole social group exiled itself from its native soil, demanded the abolition of its privileges, and renounced its class principles, advantages, and prejudices. It may be argued, as some Russian historians argue, that this movement was due primarily to economic and social motives — that it was merely the logical effect of a material necessity. But that is to undervalue other social forces. Ethical impulses, the pangs of an aroused conscience, contempt for their own class traditions, hatred for a decadent social system — psychological motives of this kind were a powerful driving force. A feeling of personal responsibility for Russia's unjust social

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system, that had never before existed, or at least found expression, now almost monopolized public thought. What, back in the forties, was a vague intuition of the privileged classes, had become before 1870 their dominant sentiment.

The time was ripe for this sentiment to express itself in action. Naturally there were isolated instances where mutual advances and understandings took place between individual members of the upper and the lower classes. But as a historical movement the day for mere individual contact had ceased, and the day for a comprehensive cultural and psychological alliance between peasants and intellectuals had dawned. This had become a historical necessity. *Narodnitschestvo* — which may be roughly translated 'merging into the people' — was an easily understandable phenomenon of this epoch.

However, the nobles were not the only ones called to penance. Though other elements in the upper class had not committed the same actual crimes against the people, they had failed to defend the common people and had sided with their enemies. This group was the intellectuals. Consequently a new party appeared upon the scene. It was not a distinct class or group of uniform composition, but a gathering together of men of different ranks and callings. They formed the so-called *rasnitschinzy*, a word that signifies a union of diverse elements. Their impulses and motives, their eagerness to labor for the welfare of the people, were identical with those of the confessing nobles; and the Russian intelligentsia of this period were already recruited from people of every rank, inheritance, and tradition.

Two famous books appeared early in the seventies, at the very dawn of the new social movement. They not only portrayed the condition of Russian society at that date, but contributed powerfully to promote the evolutionary processes then occurring in that society. They are Lavrod's *Historical Letters* and Michailovskii's *What is Progress?* Lavrod laid stress upon the idea of atonement for past injustice to the common people and endeavored to make this harmonize with the theory of enlightened selfishness so popular at that time. He urged getting closer to the common man and to the realities of productive toil. He said: —

> The comforts of life that I enjoy, the ideas that I have received from others or have had the leisure to think out for myself, have been bought with the blood, suffering, and labor of millions of my fellow men. It is not in my power to undo the past, no matter at what cost to others my own opportunities and attainments have been bought. It is impossible for me to cut myself off from the past, for that past forms my ideals and controls my actions. . . . We must remedy wrong so far as possible. We should devote our whole life to that purpose. We must destroy evil by sacrificing ourselves. I assume the debt of unrequited blood and toil with which my own advantages were bought, and employ those advantages solely to remedy past and present evil so far as possible and to prevent future evil. If I am a harmoniously developed and educated man, it is my duty to devote my life to this object, and it is an easy duty, for its fulfillment affords the highest pleasure. In laboring to obtain the most just social order possible, I increase my own satisfaction and simultaneously do all in my power to relieve the suffering of the great majority.

This theory of atonement for social guilt was taught by others. Michailovskii writes: —

> We learn that all-comprehensive sympathy with our fellow men is the fruit of centuries of suffering by the masses. We are guiltless of that suffering. We incur no stain from having been born and bred in the midst of that suffering — any more than does a bright and fragrant blossom carry a

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stain because it has concentrated in itself all that is best and finest in the entire plant. But though this comparison with the blossom may be true of our past, it will not be true of our future. We have reached the stage of enlightenment, and know that we are the debtors of the common people. That may not be inscribed in the official records of the nation — indeed it probably is not, as yet, so inscribed; but we acknowledge that truth and govern our conduct by it, even though it may be unconsciously. Still for a citizen of the world, for a man who has tasted the fruit of universal knowledge of good and evil, there is nothing so delightful as political liberty, liberty of conscience, liberty of the spoken and the printed word. Nor dare we doubt that we all crave, in addition to these free rights, the special advantages that make us the brilliant, fragrant blossom. But we renounce these privileges and this liberty. They would be a curse to us were they to prevent our atoning for injustice, and were they to tempt us to multiply that injustice. We refrain from extending our privileges and enlarging our liberty, if these are to be attained only by placing a still heavier yoke upon the people, and sinning still more deeply against them.

But how are we to win the confidence of the people whom we have oppressed? How are we to clear the way to an understanding with them? Where shall we discover a path by which the masses may attain free development? What shall be our practical programme for helping the masses? If we believe that the upper social classes to which we belong are of their own momentum rushing headlong to destruction, surely there are other forces at work, though they may be hidden, that will eventually substitute something better in our place. It is among the common people that we find the greatest wealth of mind, culture, morality, faith, and physical health. Such were the premises and conclusions that impressed themselves upon every intellectual who appreciated the injustice of his position and detected the future potentialities of the common people. A sense of that obligation was expressed in such words as these: —

> We must go out among the common people to teach them, to learn from them, to know them, to endure with them, and as part of them, their privations and hardships. We must become one with them. We must win their confidence. We must show them how dreadful their situation is. We must impress on them the necessity of striving for the best and most just social organization conceivable. We must make them see these things so clearly that they will be ready to fight for them, that their latent revolutionary passion may burst forth into flame, that they may stand shoulder to shoulder in the revolt against our ancient evils.

These were generalities, but they formed the basis of a course of conduct. This policy was combined with such profound love for the common people that the inevitable disillusionment which came later was a stunning moral shock. In attributing to the common people the qualities these writers did, they idealized the peasants with a trusting affection that made them seem the best and the sturdiest stock of the nation. The intellectual classes took this course instinctively, and it appeared for a time, during the seventies, that it might guide them to their goal, that they were winning the people, and would be able to help them and alleviate their suffering.

But it soon became evident that 'merging with the masses' was impossible. A new question presented itself. Were the peasantry capable of comprehending the ideals and efforts of the intellectuals, of accepting and appreciating their sacrifices and teachings? Was the conception of the common people which these idealists taught a true one? Was the Russian peasant really Dostoevskii's *Marei*, and did he truly possess all the qualities so

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generously attributed to him? Logically there followed upon this query a new thought, that of reviewing the whole theory of an oppressed common people, to whom the present generation must atone for the sins of their fathers. That assumption must be reviewed and tested objectively, conscientiously, and with a profound sense of duty.

As important a Russian as Usspenskii devoted himself entirely to this question. He was one of the deepest searchers of the native Russian soul and perhaps the most eminent writer of his generation. Korolenko occupied himself with the same problem. He drew his characters and images from the life immediately about him. He discovered new types of Russians. He applied his knowledge in action and taught the world, as Dostoevskii later taught it in another sphere, that priceless treasures might slumber in the soul of a miserable, dirty, neglected peasant or vagabond. Korolenko was preëminently the discoverer, the searcher, the prospector, who uncovered new mines of wealth, new possibilities, new and vital phases of Russian life. The path of the intellectual classes in their attempt to win and to understand the common people was a path of sorrows and tragedy, where stages were marked by countless defeats and crises of despair. It was a path that demanded of every man who trod it not only strength, sacrifice, and utter self-devotion, but also equanimity, intensity of will, the utmost concentration of purpose.

Korolenko lived in an age when the obligation to devote one's life to social betterment was a vivid thing for every intelligent Russian. As a member of his nation's intellectual circles he was bidden by the spirit of his time to devote himself to this task. But it demanded more than that. To labor successfully for the regeneration of the Russian people he must unsparingly puncture illusions, face resolutely countless temporary defeats, and keep alive an unshakable belief in a fairer future for mankind powerful enough to shine brightly in the darkest moments of despair.

While still a student, Korolenko dreamed and longed for some unusual experience, for some unusual career, to which he might be irresistibly called. 'I thirsted to accomplish something uncommon, to make all men, including myself, happy. Yes, to promote happiness.' When a man is conscious of such a compelling impulse, not only the spirit of the time, but his personal instinct for action and faith in the need for action, forces him to exert himself in some definite direction. In this respect, Korolenko resembles another great Russian, Lev Tolstoi, who felt compelled to speak, compelled to tell his fellow men what he felt and thought — things that seemed no longer to belong to him alone, but to be the common property of his race.

This feeling persisted to the end in Korolenko, and was an unfailing source of inspiration. In one of his last stories, 'Nothing Terrible,' we read: 'Human happiness, kindly human happiness, contains something that heals and soothes the soul . . . and it seems to me as though it were the first duty of men to be happy, in order that they may breathe the atmosphere of good luck—' The sentence breaks off without a complete ending, but his meaning is easily understood; the wish to be happy is aroused in spite of all the injustice and sorrow that surround us — aye, perhaps it is stronger on account of them. The vicissitudes of Korolenko's mercilessly tormented life, his constant alternation between illusion and actuality, or what he called paradoxes, merely steeled and tempered his faith in the coming happiness of mankind.

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Word and action were in Korolenko an inseparable unity, a perfect chord. It follows that they both harmonized in this faith. He sought to make men happy, or at least to point out the way by which they might avoid unhappiness, by which he understood suffering, injustice, and violence. But it took a rigid course of discipline to prepare him for this mission; he must relentlessly renounce romance. When he published his first volume of stories in 1879, *Episodes from the Life of a Researcher*, he took the following verse by Nekrasov for his motto:—

> Two paths lie
> Into the bright world
> For the free heart.
> Ask thy proud strength,
> Ask thy free will,
> Which thou shalt choose.

The stories of the first period of Korolenko's literary activity afford an excellent insight into the controlling psychological forces that shaped his fiction. On one side smiled his mild, tender, 'fair souls,' fantasy and her world; on the other side scowled stern realities, social injustice, for which man must be called to account. His temperament retained something of the impressions of his childhood, and here we might draw an interesting comparison between him and Gogol.

His gentle, peaceful spirit ever reflected memories of languid, reposeful nature in his native Volhynia; but contemporary literature and the influence of the writers and publicists with whom he was intimate, committed him to definite measures of reform. How did these two personalities accommodate themselves to each other? Which acquired the ascendency? After all, it was not so difficult to harmonize them. We have evidence of this in his famous work, *The History of My Contemporaries*, a mixture of truth and fiction, half biography, half imagination, but taken altogether a true 'Life of a Soul.' From these two sources, his natural temperament and childhood surroundings and his strenuous political environment in later life, we derive a self-consistent portrait: the dreamy boy with his vivid imagination was the victim of mystical terrors and from early youth inclined to crises of religious exaltation; he bound himself by something like an oath: 'To believe the things his father, his mother, and he believed'; and the very core, so to speak, of this religious faith was his faith in kindly human happiness. By temperament he was unquestionably a romanticist; but — and here we come to the second element in his make-up — he was acutely sensitive to any disturbance of his dreams and illusions, and always conscious in the bottom of his heart that they had another aspect.

Once he was gazing at an old broken flight of steps, with their fallen stucco, mouldering beams, and grass-covered stone. It was his first concrete experience with the concealed ugliness that lurks behind so much beauty. 'Beneath our smooth, prettily painted new steps, leading to the house, lay that damp, rotten ruin.' This theme, the alternation of illusion and ugly reality, is woven into the whole fabric of his *History of My Contemporaries*, and of numerous other stories, such as, 'Nights,' 'In Bad Company,' and 'Paradoxes.'

These illusions and actualities signified nothing else than romance and realism, between which he was constantly forced to choose. He early sought some device that might lighten this constantly recurring choice. His native optimism, which kept alive his faith in goodness, helped him in these decisions. He once described his lyric impressions as a game played by two boys, who built their own imaginary world and lived in a land of illusion. Their fancy transformed every object and gave it a fairy form and coloring.

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'I still remember the disastrous collision of our illusions with humdrum reality. . . . One form after another, one impression after another, painted itself in brilliant colors on my soul. I experienced many things that remained unknown even to children of older years. Something unfamiliar welled up from the deepest recesses of my soul and refused to be silenced. It remained mysterious, tempting, seductive.'

What was this unknown thing that welled up in his soul? It was not only knowledge of actual life, but a perception that he must choose reality — that he must renounce romance and devote himself solely to realism. It was a great trial for Korolenko, this denial of his beautiful, gentle, innocent, youthful soul. A third possibility presented itself — to reconcile these opposing influences, to unite them in a larger unity. In his wonderful story, 'From Both Sides,' Korolenko describes this endeavor and conceives a somewhat remarkable 'two-sided' philosophy. He prides himself upon it, for it entitles him to continue his pursuit of human happiness. To be sure, this philosophy of reconciliation between opposites is neither clear nor convincing, but it interests the reader for its psychological significance. Two natures are struggling for mastery within him, two distinct complexes of feelings and opinions. Their conflict causes repeated crises in his intellectual and moral life, but these are met and conquered. After illness comes recovery. He is healed. He has discovered the secret of guiding his life toward happiness — perhaps not so much discovered, as thought out or invented. The meaning of things reveals itself mainly, perhaps, in the very alternation of illusion and actuality. Their successive ascendancies are ever-renewed fountains of strength. Thereupon he addresses himself hopefully to a course of action. The character of that course, its object, its premises, we know already. Korolenko's assumption was that he was not working for the welfare of a single class, not even the peasants. He was fighting the battles of all mankind, not of any class or rank, and fighting these battles with love and sympathy for all humanity in his heart. He is spoken of to-day as a 'veteran of the revolution.' He might more truly be called 'the good friend of all the world.'

He often deserted his solitary path to plunge into the very thick and fullness of life's battle. A new evangel, a revelation, a call to active love, sounds through all the melody of his work. It speaks in every line of Korolenko's 'Our Father,' his holiest prayer of love, kindness, and brotherhood. Who knows whether the physically blind but spiritually seeing musician there described is not to some extent Korolenko himself? Who knows how far the poem is symbolical? In his historical tale of Flora, Agrippa, and Menaches, the son of Judah, we read, in the episode of the angel of 'Know Nothing' and the 'Great Mourning,' what Hamaliot thought of war — that is, of hatred — and how he stared with tear-stained eyes toward Heaven. The Blue Heaven told him of the eternal law of peace, but his heart yearned for eternal peace on earth. Thereupon it seemed as though the mild breath of the dawn grew softer, and his soul became tranquil. He forgot the Romans, his fallen brothers, his father killed in war, all the innocent blood that had flown; he forgot that possibly death and danger, hatred and ruin awaited him. He breathed a deep breath, and said: 'Men *must* be brothers, for God's world is beautiful. . . . Heroic deeds must be performed, but they are only to defend one's life; never in wanton violence alone; for universal love drowns the shrill cries of hatred.'

This is conclusive. His firm faith in

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the power of love, in the possible reconciliation of all men with their fellows, in the beauty and glory of God's world, endures unshaken. It is a part of his very being. His love of humanity is a bond that unites in him the romanticist and the realist. All that remained was to strengthen this bond so that it could never be rent asunder. In his story, 'The Shadows,' which he called a fantasy, he makes Socrates say to the Athenians: 'I am your spur, that will prick your conscience painfully lest you fall asleep. Sleep not, sleep not. Be constantly alert. Be vigilant in the search of truth, people of Athens.'

Korolenko fought against every injustice, falsehood, and oppression. He became within a few decades the great 'spur' of Russia, from whose eyes nothing remained concealed. During his exile in Siberia, whither he was banished for refusing to take the oath of loyalty, and subsequently, after 1885, at Nizhni Novgorod, he devoted himself to seeing justice done in the courts, and to his labors we owe many just decisions by the judges. His untiring toil in behalf of his people is too long a story to tell here. I need only refer to what he did during the famine years of 1891 and 1892 — he and Tolstoi. His faith in happiness clung to him through all these trials. He still believed that 'man is like a bird in the air — created to enjoy.' Oddly enough, he places these words in the mouth of a cripple who has lost both hands.

Korolenko's writings can be divided into three groups: purely literary works, including his semi-autobiography, *Truth and Fiction;* works that are essentially ethnographical essays in a literary form; and finally newspaper articles. The latter, however, cannot be classed strictly with ordinary press-writing. These articles are really reports rendered of his social welfare work. His literary reminiscences form a class by themselves, together with his literary-historical essays upon Tolstoi, Usspenskii, Garshin, Chernyshevskii, and many others. These are searching character studies of famous Russian poets and thinkers. Korolenko's writings are a great store of materials upon the religious and moral problems of the Russian people. Their theme is the life and thought of the common people. To him may well be applied the words which he placed in the mouth of Socrates: —

Roll back, dank mists, I go my way —
The way that leads to Him for whom my whole life was a quest!
I go.

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SHADOW'S GREEN

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON

From the *Beacon, January*
(CHRISTIAN-LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE Spirits of the Flood are a little shy of their old haunts now, but there is one spot in Aldburgh which they have not left. Some way from the present village is a wild, rough piece of common land. It lies low behind the river bank, and is covered with coarse poor pasture. Across it is a path of stones, very old, and evidently made to serve as a pathway when the floods were out. The pathway leads straight up to another arrangement of stones in the midst of the common, forming what looks like the foundation of a church. And that is what it is, according to the village story.

Once upon a time it seems all the lands of Aldburgh that were not included in the Royal Manors belonged to the Monks of Tewkesbury. But Tewkesbury had neglected to build a church, and a church of their own the folk of Aldburgh determined to have; therefore a great muster of the villagers was held to petition the Abbot of Tewkesbury for land whereon to build it.

The land was granted, a wide piece of rough pasturage, right in the midst of the village, which then spread itself out away along the river bank from the town of the Littels to where the ancient ferry crossed to Beachley. Many valuable lands lay thereabouts, and the well-to-do yeomen who held them lived in houses strongly built against the flood and carefully moated against the wild men who were wont to make sudden raids upon them, tide and weather being favorable, from the other side of Severn.

So, the Lord Abbot having given the land, these men gave of their substance and the first fruits of the harvests of their land, and the fishermen gave of the harvest of the sea, and the masons gave of their work, and craftsmen from Bristowe came to aid with their cunning workmanship, and all things were put in train to build a right-fair Church to the glory of God and for the weal of the folk of Aldburgh. Now it chanced that in the hamlet was a certain Richard Marlowe, who had been trained in the School of Tewkesbury and was a cunning carver in wood. To him was committed the overseeing of the wood-carvers.

He was a goodly youth, and devout, and it was his purpose some day to become a monk. But not yet; he was the only guardian and stay of his little half-sister, their parents being dead. Meantime, he was a master-craftsman, and his work was known far and wide.

It was early in the year when the work of the new Church was put in hand. The winter storms were over, and there was good hope of fair weather; and for a time the work went on apace. But misfortunes seemed to follow it from the beginning. When the foundations were being dug, the workmen, who had left the work at night cleanly and solidly done, would return in the morning to find that the earth had fallen in, the stones were loosened, and first one piece, then another had to be done again.

When the summer was well advanced and the walls had begun to rise, there

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came such gales as had not been known within the memory of man. Day after day and night after night they rose with the rising of the tide, and they shrieked and howled like angry and malignant spirits hungry for their prey.

One night Richard Marlowe could not sleep for the uproar. He got up and looked out. From his cottage, whenever the scurrying clouds let the light of a rising moon peep through, he could see the white walls of the Church. Great black shapes raced across the heavens; the waves of the river beat upon the bank as though determined to destroy it. Restless and anxious, Richard left his cottage and walked toward the Church.

There it stood, its half-built walls rising straight and fair on the common, which was like a magic circle in the midst of oak woods, standing close round it on all sides. How threateningly the oak trees bent toward those defenseless newborn walls, as though they longed to destroy them! And the black clouds, how low they hovered, like dark spirits, their very wings brushing the walls as they swept along!

Richard stood like one under some evil spell. Nearer and nearer moved the trees, lower and lower hovered the clouds, while in and out and over the walls leapt little flying shadows like imps whose ragged garments fluttered and flew around them. Then a cloud, enormous, majestic, with the shape of a great eagle and the face of a fallen spirit, seemed to swoop over the Church, followed by a battalion of strange shapes, fearful, fantastic, some like great bats, some half bird half fish, but all with human features, full of evil and hate. Could they be only clouds?

As they flew, a great gust (was it a gust 'or was it the downward sweep of their wings'?) caught the walls and tore them down. As the great stones were hurled about like leaves in the autumn breeze, a howl of derisive laughter echoed and reëchoed through the place. The trees came nearer and nearer and the little shadows flitted in and out among them and joined hands with them.

But to Richard Marlowe they seemed no longer trees or shadows. Tall, gigantic shapes were there, their dark-green robes blown about in the wind, their gnarled and aged limbs twisted into fantastic dancing steps. Joining hand in hand with them were young maidens in light-green garments like young larches in the spring, or glistening in silver robes like the lady birches. Round and round the fallen walls they circled in a mad dance of triumph and joy, and in and out among them and through them in a dance of their own darted the shadows. Like nymphs fresh from the salt sea they were, clothed in rose-crystal or turquoise-blue, or gleaming like the fresh-caught salmon, or again all opalescent like the great mud-banks of Severn, when the sun shines on them as the water leaves them on its way back to the Ocean. Like the little wavelets tumbling on the shore, they floated in and out among the others, and as they danced they tossed the salt water from their hair and garments and sang a strange and mystic song; but Richard Marlowe could hear no words. Round and round they circled in mazes more intricate, and their voice rose higher till they reached a very ecstasy of triumph.

Richard saw them quite clearly in the light of the moon — phantoms gnarled with age, others supple with youth; but he could move neither hand nor foot. As they passed him in the dance, he thought they were conscious of his presence. He felt their hatred and triumph; once he thought he felt a touch of pity as a tall, slender, green-clad larch maiden passed him

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by. He lost consciousness of time — whether the whirling dance went on for an hour or for a moment he did not know. Gradually the choric song died down, the dance ceased. The trees stood in their circle round the green. The clouds floated over the walls and the shadows flitted in and out, but more slowly and quietly. They were but shadows and clouds after all. The gale died down and all became still as the clouds gathered over the moon in heavy banks. The first drops of a heavy downfall of rain were beginning as Richard made his way home.

In the morning, when the masons lamented over the damage that their work had suffered in the gale, Richard said nothing.

'I wit well,' he said to himself, 'that 't was an ill dream.' So he put the remembrance of the dream from him, and worked hard at his carving and planing while the masons rebuilt the fallen walls.

But Richard's sleep went from him and he often wandered forth at night to the Church Green. And each night it seemed to him that he had been in the presence of things of no mortal race, and each morning as he thought thereon and reasoned with himself he thought himself a fool and a dreamer. But scarce a week passed without some set-back to the building of the Church. A fair pillar would be found broken, the tracing of a capital would be defaced, a window-arch would fall out of line. Still the work went on through the winter and summer; and by the next autumn the Church was nearly ready for roofing. The work of Richard and his wood-carvers was almost finished, and the great screen was ready to be set up.

It was St. Michael's Eve — a still, fair night with no wind and a moon riding high and full in the heavens — when Richard looked out to where the Church arose fair and white in the mystical clear light before he went to bed and sleep. But in the night he awakened suddenly, with a sense of some need for awakening. For a moment he lay wondering what had happened. Then he realized that the wind was raging in wild gusts, shriek upon shriek. There were no clouds over the moon, no signs of a storm as he looked out; only that unearthly wind full of rage and malice. His mind turned to the Church Green, and almost involuntarily his steps followed. As he stood there, just inside the circle of trees, the whole place was bright with the mellow brightness of the harvest moon. Each delicate arch, each beautiful piece of carving, stood out clear and distinct.

But it was not on the Church that Richard looked. At the further side of the Green, under an ancient oak tree, so old that it might have seen the beginning of the world, stood a man of majestic mien, whose long white beard reached the edge of his white robe — a man whom the years had robbed of all save the shadowy semblance of a man. His head was crowned with mistletoe and in his hand he had a sharp sickle. All round him stood the same company that had whirled madly round the Church on the night of the great gale, but now they were silent. Before the old man stood a rude earth altar; he spread out his hands over it, the palms raised in supplication. And the whole company raised their voices in a strange, wild cry.

That cry Richard recognized. He had taken it for the shriek of the rising wind. Was that a cloud that passed over the moon? No, she still sailed serene and beautiful in the heavens. But lo! over that strange company hovered a strange, dark shape. Was it a bat or a great finned fish, or was it a strange human form clad in garments

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like in hue to the Severn mud, glimmering and gleaming as the salt water streams off it, when the tide goes out? Was it from his garments and his silver hair that those drops were falling, on which the rays of the moon played till the Church was surrounded by a veil of rare and delicate color, like a rainbow etherealized?

So beautiful was the sight that Richard's artist soul was wrapt in wonder. But as he gazed the spell was broken. Another gust of wind arose, this time like a cry of triumph. The aged man with unerring aim threw the silvery sickle into the unfinished Church. Richard saw it glance through the air like summer lightning. He darted forward with the half-formed idea of protecting the child of his heart from that terrible old man, when suddenly he found himself powerless. Silently, inexorably that strange concourse pressed upon him and bore him to the ground. Breathless, suffocated, he struggled, but to no purpose. Around him were strange shapes; he felt hard hands like wood holding him down, he was being lashed by three branches, he was being dragged down in the soft, warm river mud. He ceased to struggle, he lay still, sinking down and down into unconsciousness till he knew no more.

With the turn of the tide that Michaelmas, came a change in the weather. A strong wind from the southwest set in with heavy rains, blowing the waves in great masses up the Severn. The great Atlantic breakers, having dashed with unavailing fury on the rocks which guard the lands of England from them, laughed with glee as they rode up the wide mouth of the Severn. And the old River Spirit welcomed them and led them on and on in a mad race over his black rocks, past the cliffs of Aust and Sedbury, leaping across the hermit's island, right to where the lowlands of Aldburgh lay defenseless before them. Then they lifted themselves with shrieks of unholy mirth, and threw themselves foaming with joy on those rich green lands. On and on they came, dancing over the banks, which raised their puny strength against them, dashing down into fruitful field and well-stored barns, driving the people to take refuge on the high lands to which the river had never been known to rise. Right in their way stood the fair white walls of the half-finished Church of Aldburgh. On and on they came, dashing no longer, but spreading, softly now and silently, with a deadly force that men could not resist. The white walls stood, but the flood poured in through the doorways and windows, claiming for its own fair carving and white stone, and spoiling the beauty of the place forever.

When the sport of the waters was over and Severn withdrew his forces, the masons and craftsmen came and looked with sorrow and despair on the wreck of what had been a thing of beauty. And loud was the talk and bitter the complaints at the ill fate that had befallen them.

Among them came Richard Marlowe, but he said little. Indeed, he had been a silent man since that St. Michael's Day, when they had found him unconscious in the wood, crushed beneath the fallen branches of a great oak, which would have doubtless killed him in its fall, had it not been that a larch had bent over him and taken off part of the weight from his body. As it was, his broken leg had taken long to heal, and it was not till Christmas that he could get down to the Church.

By that time the flood had retired, but the Church was spoiled. Richard looked round about in silence, but as soon as his broken limb would allow him, nay before he ought to have put it to such a task, he journeyed to Tewkesbury.

There he was long closeted with the

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Abbot, and after a few days' needful rest he returned to Aldburgh with two grave and learned monks. With them and the master mason he went down to the Church Green, and there unfolded a tale which much astounded the mason, but made him consent to the plan which the two monks declared to be the will of the Abbot.

So that night a cart was yoked to two milch kine and they were sent to wander forth where they would. They went on, leaving the river banks until they came to a hill that looked over Severn, high beyond the reach of floods. There they stopped, and there the monks declared the Church should be built. The stones were taken away from the deserted place which the spirits had claimed for their own. Only the foundations of the Church were left. And the folk of the village called that place 'Shadow's Green,' and so it is called to this day.

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

[*The full title of the book by the distinguished French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, here reviewed by the editor of the* Spectator, *appears in our book notices.*]

From the *Spectator, February* 18, 25
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

M. FLAMMARION'S book, though by no means an epoch-making work, is full of sincerity and feeling. What is even more important in view of its subject, it is inspired with an intense desire to approach its great theme in the scientific spirit — that is, to rest upon reason and turn upon the poles of proof. Therefore, in spite of certain weaknesses in argument, it affords a useful opportunity for discussing some of the great issues with which it is concerned. Its touch of mysticism is to me, at any rate, not repellent but attractive. The book is a counter-attack, and a very successful one, upon the pure materialists. It begins, indeed, with some very effective general chapters which are devoted to the destruction of the arguments of those who believe, or think themselves compelled to believe, that thought, consciousness, and all we call the things of the spirit, are really the motiveless phenomena of unconscious automatism. According to them the brain secretes thoughts, and so volitional acts, as the liver secretes bile. The machine, in a word, runs by itself till it runs down.

To make use of another analogy, of which I must admit myself fond, the materialists in effect contend that a human being is not a piano with an individual player, but a musical box which somebody, or more probably nobody, wound up. It is true that it plays tunes and can vary them, but this is only accident. The tunes are no more

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a matter of will than the wind in the pines, the ripple of the stream, or the thunder of the sea. To me it seems much more reasonable to suppose that the tunes show intention, purpose, and volition, and are only explicable if we presume a player. Sometimes the airs are bad, sometimes good. Sometimes, again, the music is jangled and out of tune, or is mere noise. But why should we assume, because nothing but hideous rattlings can be got out of the piano, as in the case of madness, that there is no player, or when the tunes suddenly stop and no more sound can be got from it, as in the case of death, that there never was a player?

Is it not as reasonable, or rather more reasonable, to assume, as we do in real life, that the reason we can get no sound, or only get noise out of the piano, is that the instrument has broken down from age or injury and is no longer capable of responding to the player's touch? Why assume that the player dies when his instrument dies? The brain, no doubt, is a material thing. It is the piano, and the tunes appear to be produced by it, but in reality they are the work of the player.

Though he does not use this analogy, that is roughly M. Flammarion's argument. But he goes further and argues that, apart from his contentions aimed to cut away the buttresses of materialism, there is something in us which can be subjected to scientific analysis and scientific proof, but which is, nevertheless, non-material. To return to my metaphor once more, the soul uses the brain as the piano-player uses the piano, as long as the brain is capable of being played upon. But the soul is not a part of the brain or irrevocably tied to it. Under certain conditions the soul may manifest itself as a conscious entity when the brain, as the autopsy shows, has become a mere purulent jelly. Thought, consciousness, and will are facts which point to a player. It is true that they do not afford us absolute proof that the destruction of the instrument does not involve the death of the player; but, on the other hand, the destruction of the body and the mortification of the brain do not prove that the power which once set the brain in motion cannot find a new instrument on which to operate.

Here is one of M. Flammarion's statements of the different facets of his view: —

> It is important, from the very beginning of this discussion, for us not to be easily satisfied with words. What is matter? According to general opinion, it is what is perceived by our senses, what can be seen, touched, weighed. Very well! The following pages are to prove that there is in man something besides what can be seen, touched, and weighed; that there exists in the human being an element independent of the material senses, a personal mental principle, which thinks, wills, acts, which manifests itself at a distance, which sees without eyes, hears without ears, discovers the future before it exists, and reveals unknown facts. To suppose that this psychic element — invisible, intangible, and imponderable — is an essential faculty of the brain, is to make a declaration without proof; and it is a self-contradictory form of reasoning, as if one said that salt could produce sugar or that fish could become inhabitants of terra firma. What we wish to show here is that actual observation itself, the observation of the facts of experience, prove that the human being is not only a material body endowed with various essential faculties, but also a psychic body endowed with different faculties from those of the animal organism. And by 'actual observation' we mean that we shall use no other method than that of Littré, Taine, Le Dantec, and other professors of materialism, and that we shall repudiate the grotesque doctrines of oral arguments, mere wanderings from the subject. How was it possible that eminent thinkers, such as Comte, Littré, Berthelot, were able to imagine that reality is bounded by the circle of our sense

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impressions, which are so limited and so imperfect? A fish might well believe that nothing existed outside of water; a dog which made a classification of canine sense impressions would classify them according to odor and not according to sight, as a man would do; a carrier-pigeon would be especially aware of the sense of direction, an ant of the sense of touch in his antennæ, etc. The spirit overrules the body; the atoms do not govern, they are governed. The same reasoning can be applied to the entire universe, to the worlds that gravitate in space, to vegetables and animals. The leaf of the tree is formed, an egg that hatches is formed. This formation, itself, is of the intellect in its nature.

Before we proceed to the proofs, yet another passage may be cited to show what M. Flammarion is about — that is, what he sets forth to prove. The passage might be headed, indeed, with Cromwell's words, 'The mind is the man,' an expression which, by the way, in all probability Cromwell was quoting from somebody else, though from whom does not appear. Perhaps some reader of the *Spectator* can say who was the first person — probably a Greek — to use this admirable, if somewhat obvious, aphorism.

If we analyze the human body and its natural functions, we cannot fail to recognize that, despite all the charms it can offer to our senses, it is, on the whole, when we consider only its substance, a rather vulgar object. Its true nobility lies in its spirit, its feeling, its intelligence, in its veneration for art and science; and the value of a man does not lie in his body, so short-lived, so changeable, so frail, but in his soul, which reveals itself, even in this life, as blessed with the faculty of enduring eternally. Moreover, this body is not an inert mass, an automaton; it is a living organism. But the construction of a being, a man, an animal, or a plant, is the witness of the existence of a constructive force, of a mind in nature, of an intellectual principle that governs the atoms and is not of them. If there were only material molecules, devoid of direction, the world would not go on, some sort of chaos would have existed indefinitely, without mathematical laws, and the cosmos would not have been ruled by order.

In connection with this passage I must deal with one other point in the anti-materialist controversy. Some modern thinkers say that we must be careful not to make too rigid a division between matter and spirit. It is probable, they contend, that each has some of the qualities of the other. In a word, matter is not purely dead, and spirit is not purely immaterial. M. Flammarion, curiously enough, comes near this in the following passage: —

We have finally reached the point of admitting the *unity of force and the unity of substance*. Everything is dynamism. Cosmic dynamism rules the worlds. Newton gave it the name of attraction. But this interpretation is insufficient. If there were nothing but attraction in the universe, the stars would form only one mass, for it would have brought them together long ago, in the beginning of time; there is something else — there is movement. Vital dynamism governs all beings: in man, as he has evolved, psychic dynamism is constantly associated with vital dynamism. At bottom all these dynamisms are one: it is the spirit in nature, deaf and blind as far as we are concerned, in the immaterial world, and even in the instinct of animals, unconscious in the majority of human works, conscious in a small number. In *Uranie* (1888), I wrote: 'What we call matter vanishes just as scientific analysis believes it is about to grasp it. We find force is the dynamic element, the mainstay of the universe, and the essential principle behind all forms. The human being has the soul as its essential principle. *The universe is an intelligent principle that we can not understand.*' In *Les forces naturelles inconnues* (1906), I wrote: 'Psychic manifestations confirm what we have learned elsewhere, that the purely mechanical explanation of the universe is insufficient, and that there is something else in the universe than this pretended matter.

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It is not matter which governs the world: it is a *psychic and dynamic element*.' Since the time when these lines were written, the progress of psychic observations has superabundantly confirmed them. A mental power rules silently and all-powerfully over the instincts of insects, assuring their existence and their perpetuation, as it rules over the birth of a bird and the evolution of the superior animals, including man himself. It is this sort of dynamism which leads the caterpillar to become a formless pulp in the chrysalis, and afterward a butterfly. It is this that from the organism of certain media brings forth a substance which changes into organs that are real, though they live for but a short space — a dynamism instantaneously creating transitory materializations. Let us assert it: the universe is dynamic. An invisible thinking force governs worlds and atoms. Matter obeys. The analysis of things reveals, everywhere, the action of an invisible spirit. This universal spirit is in everything, governing each atom, each molecule, though they themselves are impalpable, imponderable, infinitely small, invisible, and constitute by their dynamic aggregation visible things and living creatures; and this spirit is indestructible and eternal. Materialism is an erroneous doctrine, incomplete and insufficient, which explains nothing to our entire satisfaction. To admit only matter endowed with certain essential qualities, is an hypothesis that does not bear analysis. The positivists are mistaken; there exist 'positive' proofs that the hypothesis of matter dominating and governing everything through its essential qualities is beside the truth. They have not divined the dynamic intelligence which animates living creatures and even things.

M. Flammarion thus concludes that materialism is 'only a theory of the appearance of things, is only the outer surface of things that have not been analyzed.' It is, he continues, 'through the experimental method itself that we are going to prove the weakness of materialism.'

As I have hinted before, M. Flammarion, when he comes to marshaling his evidence, is not so satisfactory as when he is dealing with the abstract side of the problem. That, perhaps, was to be expected from an astronomer. A man accustomed to deal with things so great and so magnificent as the starry heavens might well find it tiresome to play the lawyer's part in analyzing minutely proofs resting on human evidence. By this I mean that he does not always seem to give their due weight to such considerations as the unconscious misrepresentations of facts or, again, to the distinction between pure observation and that which looks like observation, but is a theorizing from beliefs.

Close students of recent psychological investigation can hardly have failed to notice a curious point. In the reports of our own Psychical Research Society, or of the leading investigators in America or on the Continent, the best authenticated and most striking psychical recitals are often those which involve predictions as to the future. That in itself is an astonishing fact. Appearances at the hour of death, hauntings, thought transference, are in a sense comparatively plain sailing. They would not, if proved absolutely, knock over all our preconceived notions, either spiritual or material. If, however, the future can be predicted, the future must exist already. But if it exists already, what becomes of free will, which, after all, and in spite of Professor Einstein and his views of space and time, is apparently one of the chief realities of existence? At this moment I am free to write the next sentence, or not to write it. But if the future is a river already in being, a river which at the moment when it passes me in its endless progression is the present, and the moment after, or indeed at the moment of passage, becomes the past — I have no choice.

I am far from saying that this exposition of the fact with which I am dealing is conclusive. I merely say that it

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is strange and requires explanation. M. Flammarion has an explanation, and a very ingenious one, to offer which he holds reconciles prevision and free will. But that is not my immediate subject. For the moment I merely want to direct attention to the evidence for occurrences which involve a complete reconsideration of what we mean by the future, and to the curious circumstance that these alleged facts have apparently good evidence to support them. M. Flammarion's book is full of stories, held by him to be well authenticated, which seem to show that the scenes of our existence are already set in the revolving stage of Futurity, and that they will be inevitably disclosed in their turn. Take the following dream of a war incident which afterwards happened: —

PARIS, *September* 9, 1919.

As I promised you, I am sending you, under this cover, accompanied by two testimonials, the account of the premonitory dream which you showed a desire to publish. I am very happy to send you this exact observation and beg you to accept, and so forth.

In 1911 I dreamed I was in a new countryside, in a land that I felt was unknown to me. On a little eminence, the gentle slopes of which were covered with fresh meadows, I saw a large building of mediæval appearance, half small countryseat, half fortified farm. High walls, weathered by storms, surrounded the buildings with their unbroken girdle. Four massive towers, not very high, flanked the corners. Before the principal part and through the meadow there ran a pretty brook, with clear, babbling waters. Men — soldiers — were fetching water from it. Others were lighting fires not far from stacks of guns ranged along the walls. These men were clad in a curious pale-blue uniform which I did not know, and wore a helmet which seemed to me of a strange shape.

I saw myself clad in the uniform of an officer and giving the orders of the camp. By one of those odd phenomena which many persons have experienced, I thought, while attending to these affairs: 'What an absurd situation! Why am I here and in this costume?' As this dream had left me, on my awakening, with a very clear and precise impression, I did not cease to be interested in the absence of those incoherent or ridiculous details which people our sleep, and by this appearance of harmony and logic in the absurd; for absurd it seemed to me, this situation as officer in an unknown army. During the day I spoke to those about me of this dream and of the blue soldiers which animated it. Then I thought no more of it.

But the war, which overthrew so many existences, made me, after a series of incarnations, a lieutenant of infantry. My regiment happened to be resting close to the Front in the Aube. I was taking forward my recruits of the class of 1919. The battalion had been marching since early morning. The heat which faded the tender green of the tall rye made itself keenly felt by my poor young greenhorns. The cloud of dust raised on the road by the thousands of weary feet did not permit me to see where we were. I had received the order to camp under the walls of 'the château,' which was, the quartermaster told me, two hundred metres to the right. After having given my orders to the chiefs of section, I went to join the major. A few minutes later I rejoined my company around the poplar walk which hid the château from me.

The countryside which appeared after I had passed the last intervening tree, struck me immediately. It was the same gently sloping meadow, all gay with the flowers which June scatters everywhere; the walls, the towers — all was exactly like that which I had seen seven years before in my dream. All it lacked were the pretty, noisy brook and the monumental gateway.

As I was noting this difference between the dream and the reality, an adjutant came to ask me where the troop should go to get water. 'To the brook,' I answered, laughing. The non-commissioned officer looked at me in astonishment. I added: 'Yes, if it is n't on this side it must surely be on the other side of the building. Come with me.'

When we had rounded the tower at the north corner I saw, without astonishment,

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the gay brook running over the mossy stones, and, toward the middle of the wall, the large gateway just as I had seen it in my dream with its pillars of old brick. The two leading sections had already solved the problem of water. Stacks of guns stood at the foot of the walls, in the shadow of which many of my men were already enjoying deeply desired rest. The tableau thus formed was that of the dream of 1911. Nothing sensational took place in this spot; therefore this dream consisted of nothing but a startling view into the future, showing me, notably, my future situation as an officer, which it was impossible to suspect in 1911.

A. SAUREL.

We wish that M. Flammarion had printed the testimonials, which we presume prove that M. Saurel did communicate his dream in 1911 to certain friends, and that this communication contained the essential points as to the uniform. All depends upon this. Assuming, however, that M. Flammarion obtained the assurances required to exclude the *chose déjà vue* explanation, the dream story is distinctly important. This dream might have been disposed of as an impressive war dream into which, later on, M. Saurel read a real war experience, but for one very important fact. He thought the dream ridiculous because of the curious pale-blue uniform and the strange-shaped helmet. That is a startling fact. Everyone always imagined that the French Army would fight in its peace clothes, and no one dreamt of the helmet till it was adopted by the Allied Armies, owing to the fact that in trench warfare almost all the wounds were head wounds. Therefore M. Saurel in 1911 was not in a position to guess that if war came the French Army would wear light blue and fight in helmets. M. Saurel's own comment is also noteworthy. There was nothing sensational about the war incident. He was not wounded. It was simply a little bit of the film of the future — that is, of 1917 or of 1918 — which somehow got run into the 1911 film, owing apparently to no better cause than carelessness on the part of the cosmic operator. By this I mean that there was no warning involved of the kind on which Wordsworth lays such great stress in his curious poem, 'Presentiments' — a poem, by the way, which has not received the attention it deserves. It affords conclusive proof of how mystical an element there was in Wordsworth's nature. It is not a good poem — far from it — nor is the philosophy very stimulating or illuminating, but it is a striking registration of one of the poet's intuitive beliefs. Wordsworth held that under certain circumstances a knowledge of the future might be vouchsafed to men, just as he believed that

> The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting
> And cometh from afar.

If space would allow I would quote several more examples of disclosures of the future as remarkable as that which I have given. I must leave them to be discovered by the readers of the book before me.

Another very important portion of the evidence which M. Flammarion marshals, and a part which is to some extent original, is that devoted to what he calls 'mental vision' as distinguished from thought-transference. By mental vision he means a vision which men may have of things going on at the moment at a great distance — a vision which is not seen through the eyes, though it is registered in the brain exactly in the way that the reports of the eyes are registered. These mental pictures take place at such distances that no hypersensitiveness of vision will suffice to explain them. Again, they cannot be explained by telepathy — that last and curiously immaterial refuge of the materialist. In mental

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visions men see things which no one else can see, and yet the scenes they behold turn out to be as accurate as reports of the plainest ocular visions.

I cannot here analyze M. Flammarion's attempt to reconcile visions of futurity with free will, but I will, by way of a postscript to my account of his book, give a very interesting passage which shows something of his line of argument and, incidentally, illustrates how strangely Goethe argued in the region of Philosophy: —

Evidently there is general belief in an incompatibility, an undertermined contradiction between free will and prescience, because we confound 'Divine Prescience' with necessity. That is an error. In the conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, we may read, under the date of October 13, 1825: —

'What do we know, and with all our intelligence where do we stand to-day? Man is not born to solve the problem of the world, but to seek to understand the extent of the problem, and to keep, thereafter, well within limits of that which he is able to conceive. His faculties are not capable of measuring the universe, and to wish to approach the totality of things with the intelligence, when it has so restricted a point of view, is labor lost. The intelligence of man and the intelligence of the Divinity are two very different things. As soon as we grant liberty to man, that is the end of the omniscience of God; and if, on the other hand, God knows what I shall do, I am not free to do anything but what he knows. I cite this dilemma only as an example of the little we know, and to show that it is not good to touch upon divine secrets. Also, among the highest truths we ought to express only those which serve the good of the world. The others we ought to keep to ourselves, but like the gentle rays of a hidden sun they may spread and they will spread their light on what we do.'

Goethe did not dare go further. Why? Let us find out. Events and happenings generally influence us more than we believe. Let each one analyze attentively the acts of his life and he will readily recognize this. Our free will finds play only in a very restricted compass of activity. 'Man proposes and God disposes,' goes an old saying. This is not entirely exact. God, or Destiny, — *Fatum*, as the Latins called it, — leaves us a little liberty. The proverb that is the opposite of the preceding one — each proverb has its opposite — puts it this way: 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.' Yes, man proposes and events dispose; but at the same time we are builders of our own destiny.

In short, truth does not exist in the metaphysics of the philosophers who expatiate upon the fatality of destiny, but in the common and practical good sense which is summed up in the universal adage of six words which I have just quoted. My explanation is essentially careful to remain in the exclusive domain of the positive facts of observation, without having recourse to any hypothesis.

When we are told that our feeling of free will is an illusion, that is an hypothesis. I am sitting down at my desk, and I ask myself what I shall do. I ponder; I reason; I decide on this or that. I am assured that I am the dupe of circumstances external to my will. I maintain, on the contrary, that if I had no reason, I should let events occur as they might, and that liberty consists precisely in the choice of what seems preferable to me. It is not absolute, no matter how much we might wish it to be — it is relative; we are constantly upset in our plans; there are even some days when nothing goes right. It is very imperfect, but it is our incontestable sensation, and we have not the right to suppress it in order to substitute an hypothesis for it. It is as evident as the day. It is an appearance, they may say. Yes, an appearance like the sun, like a landscape, like a tree, like an armchair, like a house, — things which we know through the impressions they make upon us, — but this appearance is confounded with the reality. There is in it a fact of daily observation, constant, legitimate, irrefutable.

Oh, assuredly we are often very passive and form no radical determination. And the objection is offered that, when we debate within ourselves and make up our minds after ripe reflection, it is always in accordance with a predominating motive, so that

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our pretended liberty is like a pair of scales, one pan of which will sink according to the weight placed in it. Beyond a doubt, we ourselves make up our minds, when we reason coldly, weighing the pros and cons, to that which seems preferable to us. But it is precisely in that that our reason acts, and no sophistry can suppress this conviction in us. We even feel that in the opposite case we should be unreasonable; and when, at times, we are led to act against our judgment, we feel we have been, in some respects, forced to it. As for free will, is not the following declaration, which Juvenal put in the mouth of an imperious woman, the best argument? '*Sic volo; sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas.*' 'I wish it, I order it; my will is my only reason.'

The passage ends with an excellent aphorism. 'Absolute free will? No — relative free will.' To this question of free will, the future, the past and the present, I shall hope to return on a future occasion.

All I will add now is an expression of my hope that my readers will study for themselves M. Flammarion's book. Once more let me say that I do not consider that the book is a complete book or an epoch-making work. Even a non-expert, for such I must confess myself, can see many weak points in its author's dialectical harness. At the same time, it is a very sincere book and a very stimulating and interesting one, and therefore deserves full and careful criticism. To dismiss it because of the failings I have glanced at would be a great mistake. And here let me say that I am not ashamed of having approached the book as a plain man and not as a metaphysician. If philosophy is to be worth anything, and not to degenerate into a jargon, it must be understandable to the plain man, and not be a tongue-twisted oracle, intelligible only to some priestly hierarchy. To declare that any portion of human knowledge is the sole prerogative of a semi-sacerdotal caste is to sterilize a portion of the field of Science.

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THE DISCOVERY OF HISTORY

BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

[*Professor Petrie, who occupies the Edwards Chair of Egyptology at University College, London, enjoys a world-wide reputation as a student of ancient Egypt.*]

From *Discovery, March*
(British Scientific Monthly)

To most persons the word History will call up the idea of a textbook, shorter or longer, a necessary evil for those who have not the needful time to read at first hand in the actual authors. To those who look further it will mean standard texts and various readings; to very few will it mean the actual manuscripts from which the material has been drawn. There the chain seemed to end, and, down to two or three generations ago, it was said that nothing could be known except what was recorded by the authors whose works have come down to us.

Gradually the mist has lifted. In place of relying only on the fragmentary accounts of what a few writers thought worth record, we have now a wide view over the details of those ages of literature; beyond that, whole languages and national annals have been read that were but vaguely surmised before; yet further, the scope of history is now extended to times vastly more remote, and which can only be reached by entirely new methods that have no relation to the traditional materials. The history which was read a century ago, and looked on as the limit of human knowledge, we see to be but a fragmentary outline of only a hundredth of the the period of man now before our view.

Within the age of classical authors the manuscript material has been greatly amplified by the multitude of inscriptions, the dedications, the decrees, the tombstones, which give first-hand contemporary statements. More detail comes from the great mass of Greek papyri, extending from about 300 B.C. to 700 A.D., which gives the fundamental detail of daily life, of social organization, and of the carrying-on of society. The written record is but one side of this amplification; in the camps, the towns, the cemeteries, we find full evidence of the ways of life, and the intimate personal feeling of style and design, which means so much. Artistic character needs learning, just as a language has to be learned before it can be read; but it is as full of meaning, and of the power of reconstituting personality, as any works of literature. A Pompeian fresco carries as much intimacy of feeling as an ode of Horace; a portrait by Holbein makes us know a character as much as a page of Erasmus or More.

Beyond the homelands of the Greek world, wide countries and long lines of rulers which lay almost outside of literature are now added to our general survey. We could never have understood the Greek permeation of the East without the coinage of India and Baktria, nor have realized the familiar presence of Indians in the West without the Indian portraits modeled in Memphis. The coins of the Nabathæans, required by those busy traders, show us the importance of feminine consorts among the early Semites, be-

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fore the blight of Islam. In the Crimea, in Spain, or Gaul, or Britain, we find the active Græco-indigenous civilization of lines of rulers and city-states, before they went under the overwhelming power of Rome. Little or nothing was known of all this from the tattered remains of authors who were too well satisfied at home to look abroad.

To the classical writer there were various Eastern civilizations going back into a fabulous past, and Belus or Semiramis or Sesostris served as figure-heads in wondrous tales. Two chroniclers — Manetho in Egypt, Berosus in Babylon — gathered an outline of the history from the records of those lands, and what has been preserved to us by chroniclers is a more valuable skeleton plan for placing in order what else we may recover. It is, however, the direct information from the contemporary records that we now rely upon. Within the last hundred years the writings and monuments of Egypt, Babylonia, Sumaria, and Elam have been read and translated; and recently various outlines of neighboring tongues have also been partly understood. From this mass of documents we can largely reconstitute the long ages of the changes of civilization and the movements of peoples.

At the present day we have tangibly before us the contemporary objects of half of the kings who are stated to have ruled in Egypt, counting in even the most ephemeral; or, reckoning by the length of time, we have objects of reigns that cover three quarters of the whole length of the 5000 years of that history down to Alexander. When we look at the vast dust-heaps of ancient cities, and think what chance there can be of finding anything of a king who reigned for a year or two many thousand years ago, the recovery of half the names is more than we could expect. The general view that we get is one of incessant turmoil and change. The great and brilliant ages were each of only two or three centuries' duration, and were separated by long ages of decay and of reconstitution. Mankind has been like a beautiful tree, which is mere bare sticks for half its time, and only flowers for a few weeks in the whole year. From classical times we only know of one flowering, and another at the close of the Middle Ages, with a winter between; now we can trace eight or nine flowerings and winters, and begin to get a true perspective of the nature of man and his works.

How is this history discovered? The foundation is formed by the lists of kings; none of these are complete, but they supplement one another. In Egypt there is the list of the temple of Abydos, complete from the Ist to VIIIth dynasties, and in the XIIth and XVIIIth; there is the broken-up papyrus list at Turin giving much of the XIIIth and XIVth dynasties, besides earlier portions; there is the summary of Manetho, which, for the obscure periods, only gives totals. For more detail, there are a few fragments of the yearly annals, kept from the beginning of the kingdom, which show the utmost precision to a single day; there are various private monuments of officials who lived through several reigns, and recorded their services under each. For the events within a single reign there are many triumphal inscriptions, notices of progress of royal expeditions, and the many small objects commemorative of events, such as erecting great obelisks, or conquering Qedesh, or establishing hunting on horseback, when a larger breed was introduced to replace the small chariot horse.

I write this encamped inside a great fortress built 7000 years ago, dated by the clay sealings left behind with the king's name; and I watch hour by hour the clearance of a royal tomb still older,

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anxiously looking for some object with a name to fix the reign. The skeletons of the royal servants lie before my tent, to be measured and compared with others, so that differences of race may be sought for. The pottery found with them is all compared with types from other tombs that are dated, so that the period of the making may be fixed to within a generation or two. The great flint knife, the gaming-pieces, the tomb-stone of a court carver, the ivory label of a necklace, all tell their own tale of date, and show the state of civilization. Yet this touches a time which was longer before Moses than we are after him. Evidence does not consist only in large monuments and long inscriptions. A single handful of little things will carry much meaning; a few badges found at the end of the VIth dynasty and soon after have patterns which are from Mesopotamia and northern Syria, while a cylinder seal shows a Syrian king of Egypt with the same name as in a list of kings of the VIIIth dynasty. Here is a Syrian rule of Egypt, with its own art brought in, and mixing also with Egyptian motives of design. On the other hand, many small points of custom and belief of ancient Egypt are identical in Central Africa now. All this is the material of history.

The term 'prehistoric' implies but a narrow view of *historia*. If a connected account of any period can be written, from whatever material, that account is history. If one finds in a house a dead body, a revolver, a strange hat, and a lot of finger-marks, no one doubts that the history of a crime may be written from such material, without a word of evidence in writing to help it. The material evidence is proof enough for writing history, whether of our own day or of past ages. That the material may be incomplete, and not conclusive in every detail, is equally true of nearly all documentary history. In Egypt, what is usually called the pre-historic age, before written documents, has been reduced to historic order more closely than in other lands. The means for doing this are more complete in detail and quantity than what is recorded elsewhere. A thousand graves, each containing five or more varieties of pottery, provided the requisite basis. When all this material was reviewed, it was seen that there was one kind of pot which changed greatly, and the forms of which could be placed in relative order, from a globular pot with wavy handles at the sides, to a plain cylinder slightly enlarging above and below, which was linked to the earliest age of writing.

Here was a first step to historic order, but it was only related to about half of the material, and there was evidently a long age outside of this series. The rest of the graves were therefore put in the order of their resemblance of types to those found with the above series; those with four types like those with the series, then three, next two, or one, or none. It was then noticed that another kind of pottery, with white painting, had exactly the inverse relation; the fewer types like the series, the more frequent types like the painted pottery. This placed the age of the painted pottery as the earliest, then a period with less and less resemblance to that age and increasing resemblances to the globular pottery, leading to the series of changes from globular to cylindrical forms. Thus the whole of the pottery before written history was put roughly into order.

Each form being numbered, the next step was to write on a slip of card the numbers found in one grave. On putting these slips in the probable order of the pottery, the extent of range of each number was looked for, and the earliest and latest examples were brought nearer together, if they did not spread other

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types farther apart. In short, the aim was to find the order which should give the most compact extent for each type, as this was the more probable condition. The thousand graves, as thus restored to probable order, were divided into fifty equal sections, which were numbered, and the range of each pot-type was stated, such as 35–38, or 44–46. These numbers only show the order of age, and not an equal scale of time; hence they are called *sequence dates*, and all the products of the ages before writing are dated now as S.D. 40, or whatever may be the number in the scale. This is as definite as dates B.C. or A.D., but the unit is much longer, perhaps a generation rather than a year.

History, as meaning a definite order of events, can now be carried back in the unwritten ages through two whole cycles of civilization, covering probably two or three thousand years. The first cycle was derived from Algeria, or the West. It rose to widespread unity over the whole land and showed more artistic work than the second age, but less use of fine and hard stones. All through it there was a slight infiltration of an entirely different pottery. This suddenly came into full use in the second civilization, which entered from the East and excelled in mechanical work. To this second age belongs the series of pots from globular to cylindrical named above. Traces of a new people were gradually appearing, and after the decadence of this age there burst in the full civilization of a short and vigorous people, which seems to have come from Elam, bringing entirely new ideas, and starting the course of written history.

A similar study of other lands would lead to more definite and historical relations in the age before writing. For instance, in Britain a sequence of development in the Bronze-Age pottery points to the earlier immigrants arriving in Yorkshire and Dorset rather than at the narrows of the Channel. This implies that they were a seafaring people, and that the Continental culture was stronger in Kent and could resist invasion; also that the invaders were not in occupation of the Calais-Boulogne coast.

In many minds the question will arise, 'What is the use of tracing these remote changes? How can they have any bearing on our present ideas in a vastly different state of society?' Let us look at the matter from its purely material side, ignoring the question of the higher values of mental training and outlook. The material aim of history is to know the biology of civilization, and to distinguish cause and effect. We have to separate and realize what are the social, political, economic, and ideal elements in the rise and in the fall of civilization. Where we had only one cycle before us in history, it was almost impossible to settle between cause and effect. When we have eight or nine cycles before us, and can compare the details in several of them, it becomes clearer how various movements are connected. Was Diocletian's edict of prices the cause, or the concomitant, or the result, of the decay of the Empire? To judge of this, we must observe what there is in common in the times of Khammurabi, Diocletian, and in more recent experiences, in all of which there was regulation of prices. Khammurabi's law was evidently a compromising of two different systems, the city and the pastoral life. Diocletian's law was at the junction of free outstanding peoples reacting on Roman life, influenced also by the degradation of currency. Our experience in the Middle Ages was where city life became centralized and could not provide its own food, so that the separate country life interacted on it irregularly. Our

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recent war experience is where the free flow of trade was interrupted, and foreign supplies were intermittent and not subject to free supply and demand, thus giving back to the interaction of two separate systems, external and internal. Such seems to be the cause of price-regulation; but it can only be a very brief phase, just so long as supply is automatic, for it quickly destroys supply and suppresses demand.

Another question to be answered: Are we to regard the infiltration of a people into another country as preparatory to general invasion? The fall of the first prehistoric civilization was long preceded by the infiltration of the second people. A similar change preceded the fall of the second people; also the Syrian break-up of the VIth dynasty, the Hyksos invasion, the Greek occupation, and the Arab conquest of Egypt, the Germanic conquest of Rome, the Saxon settlement of England, and the Danish occupation of England culminating in the Normans. A migration-conquest (in contrast to a political conquest) appears to be usually preceded by centuries of individual entry and settlement. Let us beware of systematic infiltration by other nations.

Comparative history is necessary for us to realize that no civilization is influenced by an inferior, but only by a civilization which is equal or superior in some respect. We see, in the past, Elam strongly dominating in Mesopotamia and in Egypt; Syria permeating Egypt in the XVIIIth dynasty; Perso-Roman work modifying China in the Han period; China dominating Japanese life; Gothic art ruling even in the Forum of Rome under Theodoric; Japan influencing European work now. In each case there are qualities in the new influence which are superior to — or lacking in — the existing system.

As in organic life we realize more and more how essential it is to study the life-cycle of each organism, if we would understand its real conditions, so in the biology of civilizations we must study their life-cycle of birth, growth, and decay, if we would know the cause of changes and the meaning of the present world around us. This is history.

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OUR ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

BY AN ENGLISH LABORER

[*A series of nature sketches, the first two of which we reprint, are appearing in the* Saturday Review, *from the pen of a farm laborer and forester whose opportunities for education, since he left school at the age of eight, have been limited to the woods and fields. His wife, who fortunately is an excellent penwoman, has aided him in the transcription of his rough notes, which remain here as he wrote them, except for the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them.*]

From the *Saturday Review, February* 18 *and* 25
(English Tory Weekly)

Introductory

It will perhaps be of some interest to the reader to know how and why I have studied Nature, her ways and her children. As I mention later on, the United States of America being my birthplace, the reader may think I am an American. But that is not so; my ancestors have for generations lived, and some of them have farmed their own land, on the borders of two Midland counties. One of my kinsmen who lived and died in that quiet spot was noted for his great strength. Even as far south as Sussex I have been told of these feats. Other of my kinsmen have been foresters, so perhaps it was only natural that I should follow that occupation. At one time I worked nine months of the twelve by myself at the different kinds of estate work that come under the heading of forestry. During the years I have studied this class of work I have found out many things connected with birds, animals, insects, and reptiles. It never occurred to me to write of what I have seen and heard during my working and leisure hours, until recently a friend, a gentleman in every sense of the word, by a deal of persuasion induced me to write of my experiences.

I have withheld my name from publication for certain reasons best known to myself. Not that I fear being challenged about what I have written, as every incident is true — just what I have seen and heard. I have learned at least two things by this study — patience and the art of keeping still. When I tell you that I have watched a fox to his lair on a grassy bank and then crawled up and looked at him curled up asleep, and come away without disturbing him, and have lain among heather with seven little rabbits playing and scampering over my legs, you know that I have the above-mentioned arts. It was with no thought of recording my experiences that I did these, and many other things, but something that is beyond me to tell.

I like to think of God in the music of the winds among the trees, in the delicate blossom of the sweet wild rose, and in all other creations of His hands; this is then the only explanation I can give as to how I became a lover of Nature.

I have, I think, admitted to all the faults (if they can be so called) that wild creatures are credited with, and I have also tried to show the amount of good they do, in as explicit a manner as possible. I would ask the readers

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who like to see Latin and French quotations, and a scientific work on Natural History, to remember that I am not a university scholar, but, just as I hope to be until the finish, a forester.

I. At Daybreak

We are beside a large pond on a July morning, just as the first gray light of dawn appears in the east. The water-fowl are astir, but we only get an occasional glimpse of one, as the cold mist which has rested over the water throughout a night of semi-twilight rises for a few feet and then descends again. A pale yellow light succeeds the gray; then comes the rose-tinted flush of morn, to be followed by the rising sun. As its life-giving beams turn the gray sheet of water into liquid gold, the water-fowls splash and flutter over their morning bath and the cold mists rise and float away.

A couple of herons fly over our hiding-place and settle on the opposite side, and make a splendid study of still life. Water voles squeak and scamper along their runs at our feet; and the coots, moorhens, wild duck, and dabchicks that are feeding among the weeds and aquatic plants make a perfect picture of 'water-fowl at home,' framed in a border of dark-green sedges and reeds.

At this season of the year there are nights of absolute silence; not even the hum of a moth's wing or the drone of a beetle falls on the ear. Even the night-jar forgets for a time to reel out his spinning-wheel song; all around is at perfect rest. It is one of the mysteries of Nature that will ever remain half unexplained, why the nights should be so. But no matter what the night has been like, there is a change at dawn; we can feel it without seeing it; but it is subtle and undefinable: Nature has no hard or fast lines. Books have been written by men who have watched wild creatures in secluded spots like this, when they are alone. An author, whose descriptions I know from my own observations to be absolute truth, has been severely and adversely criticized by persons who have never seen wild life, as having exaggerated.

We leave the beautiful spot, with its hosts of wild life, very reluctantly and turn homewards. On our way thither we pass a lonely farm homestead, and it is beyond me to say when it and its surroundings are seen at their best. I have seen them at practically all hours — under the soft light of a full moon, and when the setting sun throws his red and gold beams athwart the yellow cornfields, and as now, in the pale light of early morn. Not much life is stirring as we reach it, but we linger for a time at the gate close to the foot-path. From here is a good view of the yard and buildings. Presently sparrows flutter out from the eaves and fly to the cornfields, which are fast ripening under an almost tropical sun day after day. One of the cats comes out of the barn with a half-grown rat in her mouth. Two kittens run out from the space under the mounting-block as they see her approaching.

The yard is littered with straw; one or two heaps under an open shed look as if one of the farm hands had shaken some of it up. The loud 'snores' coming from that direction tell us what is under them. This habit of 'hovering,' that is to say, burrowing under straw or a like material, is hereditary in pigs — transmitted by their wild progenitors. In districts where these animals are turned out to feed on acorns and beech nuts, it is necessary to keep a sharp lookout when rambling about. They are then very savage, and it is best to give them a wide berth. Their 'hovers' are then made of twigs, dead leaves, and dry grass. All domestic creatures at times show traits of wildness.

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On the margin of the duck-pond a dozen fine 'Aylesburys' are asleep, and from different directions several roosters are crowing. Geese, turkeys, and guinea-fowl are here, but we do not wish to disturb them, as they will make noise enough to be heard a mile off in the hush of early morn. The cows are all lying down in the grass: 'Munch, munch, munch' can be heard as they chew their cud peacefully. An owl quarters the last bit of his beat, and then flies through the pitch-hole at the end of the barn to his roosting-place on a beam. These birds are protected here, and woe to any of the farm hands if they are known to molest them. The gamekeeper too — an exception I own — protects them here and everywhere on his beat. The cart horses come up to the gate where we are standing. The carter will soon be here, so it is time for us to be moving. To reach home we pass through a belt of firs, and as we enter them the last mists float away over the tree-tops in the warm air. Wild life is here at every turn, but we cannot stay, for the smoke curling up from the distant cottage chimney into the clear blue sky tells us another day of toil is at hand.

II. By the Side of the River Avon

The river Avon has perhaps been more immortalized in popular poetry than any other river in these isles. All my early life was spent in close vicinity to it; and the beauties of Nature that are to be seen in those lovely stretches of the river are too deeply engraved on my memory for time to efface. There you can wander for hours amid such richness of vegetation that you might imagine yourself in the Tropics. It is an aspect of peculiar beauty and fertility perhaps seldom, if ever, to be met with elsewhere.

On the banks, and even on the water, flowers of many varied hues bloom to perfection. The tall, brown, feathery bloom of the reed nods beside the brown reed-mace, and is shaken by every breeze that makes a ripple on the surface of the river. The yellow iris towers above the white and golden water lilies, whose leaves, touching each other, make a hiding-place for many a fish. The rich purple flowering willow, or rosebay, mixes with the exquisite blue forget-me-not; and the odor of brookmint fills the air. Along the banks are silvery willows which cast their shadows on the stream, and opening their small yellow blooms in early Spring, nourish various insect tribes, when scarce another flower offers them food.

Beautiful as they are in that early time, there is a period when they are more so, and that is when the bloom has ripened and the soft downy clusters are floating far and wide on the gentle breezes.

It is pleasant to wander here at early morn, or when the twilight shadows are spreading over the landscape, and listen to the music of the water as it winds among the reeds and sedges, and seems to be Nature's appointed accompaniment to the singing of the birds.

The familiar dark-blue form of the swallow skims so near to you that you can hear the snap of his beak as he catches a fly; and over the water the sand martin flies among the gnats. The sunshine glitters on the stream, and every dewdrop sparkles like a diamond. There seems a sacred silence on the surrounding country broken only by the music of Nature, which is never silent. This is the haunt of many creatures of the wild; and here may be heard, at practically any hour in the season of the year he is resident with us, the song of the sedge warbler, even when the moon and stars are shining. You may perhaps catch a

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glimpse of this annual visitor as he sits for a moment on the hawthorn bush covered with pink and white blossoms; but he is more often heard than seen, as the sedges and flowering rushes — his favorite haunts — keep him out of sight. This bird visits our isles in April, and will remain even until October; he is, with his companion the reed warbler, the earliest migratory songster of the riverside.

Very beautiful is the nest of the reed warbler, which is composed of long grasses wound round three or four reeds which act as a support, and is lined with the soft down of the willow and wool. If you look at the flood mark on that old beech tree at the bend of the river you will see the nest is placed at such a height in the reeds as to be in perfect safety. Many times, when a boy, I swam out to the reeds to see their nests, but I could never be tempted to take one; and even if I had, it would have been necessary to cut the reeds, so firmly is it bound to them.

On the top of one of the pollard willows that grow on the bank, under a bower of brambles and mountain ash, — undoubtedly carried there and dropped by some bird, — a wild duck makes its nest.

In a hole in the bank a kingfisher has for a number of years had its nest, despite the fact that I once removed the turf to look at it, but before replacing it I put some strips of board across so that it was in no way disturbed.

You can see and hear the snipe drumming to his mate as she sits on her nest; and if we walk here in winter, his 'scape, scape, skeep' will be heard as we startle him from the little ditches that here and there intersect these broad meadowlands by the riverside.

If you part the grasses on the bank, you will find a little run leading to the hole of the water vole, and if you happen to alarm him, as he sits feeding, he drops with a loud plop into the water, which acts as a warning to other creatures of the riverside. The otter, too, has his home here, but of him I must write some other time. At spots like these it is delightsome to feel alone with Nature, and, it may be, through Nature, with Nature's Designer.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

POETS, PAINTERS, PUDDINGS

BY RICHARD HUGHES

[*Spectator*]

Poets, painters, and puddings — these three
Make up the world as it ought to be.

Poets make faces
And splendid grimaces:
They twit you, and spit you
On words, then admit you
To heaven or hell
By the tales that they tell.

Painters are gay
As young rabbits in May:
They buy jolly mugs,
Bowls, pictures, and jugs:
The things round their necks
Have big spots, or else checks,
For they like something red
As a frame for the head:
Or in dolorous wise
They will glower their eyes
And curse you, with oaths
That tear holes in your clothes.
(With nothing to mend them
You 'd best not offend them!)

Puddings should be
Full of currants, for me:
Mixed in a pail,
Tied in the tail
Of a worn-out shirt:
So hot that they hurt,
So huge that they last
From the dim-distant past
Until crack o' doom
Lifts the roof off the room.

Poets, painters, and puddings — these three
Crown the day as it crowned should be.

THE BIRCH

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Beacon*]

Ann, my daughter, finds a church
In the heart of every birch,
And the net of silver doth
Serve her for an altar cloth.

There no doubt are golden trees
In the lost Hesperides,
Where the great sun, when he dapples
Leaves with gold, finds golden apples.

And young love, as Shakespeare knows,
Still is climbing after those,
While beneath the little grasses
Burn and wither as love passes.

But the birch is always cool
And her leaves as beautiful,
Though wild love has never yet
Stormed her silver parapet.

Gold is mortal, gold will crumble;
Love and golden apples tumble;
But a child's heart lends her tree
Silver immortality.

A MEMORY

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*Spectator*]

When I was as high as that,
I saw a poet in his hat.
I think the poet must have smiled
At such a solemn, gazing child.

Now was n't it a funny thing
To get a sight of J. M. Synge,
And notice nothing but his hat?
But life is often queer like that.

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THE MOOR DOUBLE-KEYBOARD PIANO

A RECITAL on the new double-keyboard piano invented by the English musician, Emmanuel Moor, was given not long ago in Æolian Hall, London. It was one of the first public demonstrations of what the new instrument can do. The artist was Miss Winifred Christie, and the critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, in reviewing her playing, says that some of the effects 'sounded rather thick and heavy, whereas others were exceedingly rich and beautiful.' This critic, who seems very friendly to the new invention, says, 'It was all a question of the right and wrong use of an instrument which is in itself a marvel of ingenuity and an epoch-making addition to the resources of the art.'

In the last number of *Music and Letters*, a British musical quarterly, there is a long article on the new piano by Dr. Donald Tovey. Dr. Tovey thus describes the inventor of the new piano: —

Mr. Emmanuel Moor is a prolific composer, whose work always shows three qualities, however wide the range he has covered, or whatever the contrast between one work and another. It is always eminently noble in style; eminently sensitive as to quality or tone and suitability for the instruments used; and eminently in the character of an extemporization.

If any composer could wish to invent an instrument, he must be a typical improvvisatore; and if his invention is to be artistically desirable, his taste must be of singular purity. Such an inventor is Mr. Emmanuel Moor. There is nothing improvised about his Duplex-Coupler pianoforte. The very impatience which makes him brush aside as pedantries the conservative accuracies of the musical historian has made him grimly concentrated in the mechanical perfection of his new instrument. Before this instrument was actually produced, Mr. Moor had written pamphlets describing it and other inventions of the future. In these he vigorously expresses his discontent with existing instruments, and he explicitly challenges instrument makers to take up what he very reasonably tells them is their problem, that of executing the ideas which he puts before them. And so it comes about that these preliminary pamphlets convey a quite wrong impression of the work that he has done. The aristocratic, improvisatorial character that may be ascribed to his compositions by enthusiastic or cold criticism finds no counterpart in the work he has himself done in his Duplex-Coupler pianoforte. Nothing could be further from the truth than to imagine that he has merely enjoyed the luxury of inventing the great idea of the instrument, and has left to others the humble task of overcoming the immense technical and mechanical difficulties of carrying it out. It cannot be too strongly asserted that Mr. Moor has done the solid scientific and practical work in every particular of his invention, and this assertion is perfectly consistent with the fullest recognition of the skill, the individual ingenuity, and the far-seeing enterprise of the eminent pianoforte makers, Messrs. Schmitt-Flohr, of Berne, who have realized his conception.

Dr. Tovey, who has himself learned to use the new instrument, thus describes it: —

The simple facts are, first, that the upper keyboard is throughout an octave higher than the lower, and secondly, that the new pedal couples the notes of the upper keyboard to those of the lower, so that when this pedal is down, everything played on the lower keyboard is doubled in octaves. This coupling takes place without affecting the keys of the upper manual. There are only one set of hammers and one set of strings. I was unable to detect any inconvenience in the action on either manual with or without the coupler. There is absolutely no loss to the ordinary resources of the pianoforte; and even if the new resources had been full

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of imperfections and inequalities, they would still be all pure gain as far as they went. The one imperfection that is noticeable in this first specimen of the instrument has already been removed by Mr. Moor, who has invented an ingenious double escapement which will be applied to future specimens. Without this double escapement any note that is already being held down on one manual or with the coupler cannot sound again until you have let it go. The double escapement will remove the last hindrance to the perfect independence of the two keyboards.

*

ALBION WRESTLES WITH 'THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE'

THE Englishman endeavoring to cope with the darker mysteries of American slang is ever an entertaining spectacle, but when anyone so staid as a book-reviewer of the highly conservative *Saturday Review* seeks to wield the foreign idiom, the hilarity of the entertainment becomes a little painful. This is a paragraph from a recent review of an American novel — which in common charity shall be nameless here: —

Of the subject it will be sufficient to say that it treats of the adventures of a young smart-Aleck from New York City who, having gotten bunged up some in an auto smash on Broadway, same time as the bulls were after him for running contraband, skipped out to a lonesome little burg in Indiana, where he started in putting across a lot of dope to the Hoosier simps about being a wounded doughboy, with a stack of medals. And he was getting away with it good, when one of these hayseeds suspicioned something, and flagged Pinkerton's guys to take a hand; as well as putting his best girl wise, so she tied a can to him and gave him a swift kick. Then he allowed it was time to beat it, but before he got started the brother of another kid who had fallen for him pulled the rough stuff on him, and he sure got it where the chicken got the axe. We trust that we have now made the general idea of the book as clear as our acquaintance with the language permits.

The whole paragraph is reminiscent of the truly dreadful things that the American Expeditionary Force taught nice old French ladies to say, under the impression — though not on the part of the guileful doughboy — that they were talking English.

*

THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF MR. GEOFFREY DEARMER

THE vein of mysticism that so frequently appears in the poetry of Mr. Geoffrey Dearmer does not by any means preclude his writing vigorous and indignant verse upon occasion. In fact, Mr. Dearmer is often a pamphleteer in verse, and one of the most frequent contributors to G. K. Chesterton's militant Catholic weekly, the *New Witness*. Often catching the genuine lyric note in his religious poems, he is also quite capable of a flippant little ditty like the following, which appears in the *Westminster Gazette:* —

AMBROSE ALWAYSRIGHT

I *murdered* Ambrose Alwaysright,
By request, on Monday night.
Ambrose was a male monstrosity,
Simply oozing with pomposity.
He was very avaricious,
Mean, unmanly, and malicious.
He used everyone. He used
All the people he abused.
He would dine with A—— on Sunday
And abuse the man on Monday.
In a grillroom he would grumble.
You would pay and *he* would fumble.
Decency he would resent
And dismiss as 'sentiment.'
So I killed him. When committed
I was instantly acquitted.
When acquitting me, the judge
Did not hesitate or budge.
'Smith,' he said, 'how good your nerve is;
You 've performed a public service.
Come and dine to-night; another
Alwaysright (the dead man's brother)
Will be there, at eight o'clock — '
I nodded as I left the dock.

Few will be inclined to quarrel with this summary disposal of the objection-

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able Mr. Alwaysright. Mr. Dearmer may even yet be overwhelmed with invitations to dinner in the United States.

✻

MR. BERNARD SHAW AS A PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE

THE West Edinburgh Labor Party not long ago suggested to Mr. Bernard Shaw that they would like to have him for their candidate for Parliament at the next election. Mr. Shaw promptly declined, on the ground that 'I shall stand, not for Parliament, but for telling Parliament what I think of it, and, incidentally, of the political intelligence of the people who elect it.' As Mr. Shaw hastened to explain to the Labor leaders, this, although 'a useful and necessary occupation,' is 'not one that wins votes.' He reassured the political leaders of Great Britain with the statement that 'they have nothing to fear from me at the forthcoming general election.'

Mr. Shaw then proceeded to find fault with the present organization of Parliament in the following terms: —

> If the Labor Party, or any other party, will guarantee me an unopposed election and a salary of four thousand pounds a year, with a handsome pension, I may at least consider the proposition that I should narrow my audience from civilized mankind to the handful of bewildered commercial gentlemen at Westminster who are now earnestly ruining Europe as the stupidest way of ruining their own country; but my answer would probably be the same — it would be easier and pleasanter to drown myself.

✻

NEW BOOKS IN ENGLAND

BRITISH publishers announce a number of interesting new books for early publication. Messrs. Constable have just issued a book called *The Jews*, by Hilaire Belloc, which will deal with the problems of Western Europe and the United States. Messrs. Heinemann, who are bringing out an English edition of Emery Holloway's *Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, are also including in their spring list an anthology of little-known minor poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This is the work of I. A. Williams, who contributes biographical notes from time to time to the *London Mercury*, and will be entitled *Byways Round Helicon*. Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of the *Mercury*, will contribute the preface.

Mrs. Watts-Dunton's *Recollections of Swinburne*, which was to have been published last fall and has been held over, will be published almost immediately. The book will describe the relationship of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, and their methods of work. Hints that have leaked out from the publisher's office indicate that Mrs. Watts-Dunton will probably differ from some of the statements in Mr. Edmund Gosse's article on Swinburne in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Mr. Herbert Sidebotham is at work on an official biography of Lord Fisher, so long the one most prominent figure in British naval circles. This book will, however, not be ready for publication until next year.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Delbrück, Professor Hans. *Ludendorff's Selbstportrait.* Berlin: Verlag von Politik und Wirtschaft.

Flammarion, Camille. *Death and its Mystery: Before Death. Proofs of the Existence of the Soul.* Translated by E. S. Brooks. London: Fisher Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Graves, Charles L. *New Times and Old Rhymes.* Oxford: Basil Blackwell. Pp. 128. 6*s.* net.

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"A Library in Themselves"

Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson

By BLISS PERRY

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